

THE  
**ECLECTIC**  
AND  
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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CONTENTS:—OCTOBER, 1867.

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	PAGE
I. VERBO SINE RE ERASMUS.....	247
II. THE FOLK-LORE OF THE RED MAN .....	262
III. THE POETICAL WORKS OF MRS. SOUTHEY.....	282
IV. THE SECOND SERIES OF ULTRAMONTANE ESSAYS ....	293
V. LIDDON'S BAMPTON LECTURE FOR 1866 .....	299
VI. PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON SOUND .....	307

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CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

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- I. MEMOIRS OF PRINCE ALBERT.
- II. THE POET OF CULTURE.
- III. ESSAYS ON SYMBOLISM.
- IV. THOMAS CARLYLE'S LAST SERMON.
- V. SCIENCE OF BENEVOLENCE.
- VI. OUR BOOK CLUB.

# MONUMENT

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN W. FOSTER

Who died on the 10th day of May 1862  
at the age of 57 years  
and was buried in the  
Cemetery of the City of New York  
on the 12th day of May 1862

ERECTED BY HIS WIFE

—

AND HIS CHILDREN

AND HIS FRIENDS

AND HIS NEIGHBOURS

AND HIS COUNTRYMEN

AND HIS FELLOW CITIZENS

AND HIS POSTERITY

AND HIS ANCESTORS

AND HIS PREDECESSORS

# THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

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## I.

### VERBO SINE RE ERASMUS.\*

PERHAPS the impression is growing in our own day, that Erasmus has always been one of those great men who have received from the world something considerably less than justice. We have been much delighted in reading Mr. Froude's large-hearted, thoroughly liberal, and exhilarating paper; but even he scarcely gives to Erasmus all the honour he deserves. Mr. Seebohm is more generous, but John Colet evidently receives the larger share of his admiration. A glance through their books compelled us to turn our eye to that part of our library where "*Moriæ*" and the "*Colloquies*" were to be found, and to review certain old impressions about the old scholar and satirist, and to inquire how far he was fitted or able to take that place towards which, the more impulsive of the Reformers would have urged him. The truth is, the life of Erasmus has yet to be written in order that he may be more distinctly known. Jortin's is a great lumbering book, collecting a good many anecdotes, and evidencing a good deal of sympathy, but wholly destitute of grace and readableness, while it is mostly compiled from the life of Le Clerc. Bayle's valuable and elaborate paper

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- \* 1. *Short Studies on Great Subjects. Times of Erasmus and Luther.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Longman, Green, and Co.
  2. *Oxford Reformers of 1498.* By Frederic Seebohm. Longmans, Green, and Co.
  3. *Life of Erasmus.* By Dr. Jortin. Ed. 1758.
  4. *Bayle's Dictionary—Erasmus.*
  5. *Moriæ Encomium; or, the Praise of Folly.* Made English from the Latin of Erasmus. By W. Kennett, Bishop of Peterborough, 1735, Ed.
  6. *The Familiar Colloquies of Desiderius Erasmus, &c.*

is very coarse, written by a man incapable of moral sympathy, and from its place in his immense folios, it is, of course, almost unknown. We are not acquainted with any readable life of Erasmus in our language, although there are many and able lives both in French and German; but what a delightful book it would make would some person translate his own letters, and his outline of his own life, and interpolate between them such illustrative circumstances and elucidations as might give shape and meaning to the whole. No person, at all acquainted with Erasmus, can think more meanly of his spirit and character than of his attainments; the eminency of his scholarship and the keenness of his wit are unquestioned, and we venture to think that the purity of his spirit, and the faithfulness of his nature are to be as clearly distinguished. He was one of those unfortunate men whose minds will insist on looking upon both sides of the shield at the same time; the qualities of his nature were much more favourable for the perception of error and the vindication of certain great principles of truth, than for vehement and passionate partisanship; so like Mahomet's coffin, in popular opinion, he seems to hang between heaven and earth. The Papists cast him out, and, of course, the Reformers will not own him, and from the day of his death, as for the most part during his life, he had hovered about receiving scanty notes of praise on account of his genius, while the doors of most religious houses have been slammed in his face. Since his death he does not seem to have provoked much intensity of hatred any more than to have obtained much earnestness of love; suspected of indifference himself, a shadow of indifference seems to have haunted his memory. Luther, on the contrary, when his name is mentioned, creates no doubtful regards. Cardinal Wiseman, and others of the same school, speak of him as a living pestilence; his friends give to him an illimitable love and reverence, and he deserves it all; although we often feel that the affection is as indiscriminating as the hatred, and that were so much is given in all consistency, Erasmus deserves far more than he has received. Luther was an earthquake of a man; vehement, passionate; his words went forth like whiffs of a cannon or battle blasts. The two men are a perfect contrast. Erasmus clearly had no such character, but he had a character, and it was a high and pure one; the fault of it was its timid desire to be and to do perfectly right, he could not take this step without compromising that principle. Do we not very well know that character, that *finesse* of feeling, that fineness and tenderness of conscience, which seems to put the whole character in a wrong place, which seems to taint the life with moral cowardice, which



brings upon it the brand of fear to take the final fatal plunge, and to rush along pell-mell with a party; yet the side upon which the sympathies of Erasmus lay cannot be doubted. And surely his wit and his learning served the Reformation well. Those who treat him, as it has been the fashion to treat him—as a mere Pagan scholar, enchanted and enslaved by the new learning—know nothing of him or his writings. Many of his convictions seem to have been clear and strong. Luther, to be sure, was incarnate conviction; but many of those to whom the Reformers of the Reformation are everything, would, perhaps, be surprised to find many an item of the creed and even conduct of Luther which would scarcely accord with the perfect and symmetrical homage they desire to render. We give our heart to Luther; in doing so we give no perfect entireness of praise to everything he did and said. We wish men would apply the same rule to Erasmus, and treat his works and his memory with the high regard they deserve, and, perhaps, with regret for some particulars in which they could wish to see a loftier and more consistent devotion in action to principles which seemed to underlie his whole life of thought. Mr. Reade, in his "Cloister and Hearth," has told, in a manner of surpassing strength and sweetness, the story of the birth of Erasmus; of his illegitimacy in birth there can be no doubt; of the purity, virtue, and loveliness of his mother there can be as little; his parents, Gerard, a young man of Torgau, gifted in art, and especially in that of transcribing and illuminating books; and Margaret, the daughter of Peter, a physician of Sevenbergen, were betrothed to each other, but the relations of Gerard, desirous of sharing his patrimony among themselves, wished to force him to become a ecclesiastic, and by ill-usage they forced him, in order to escape this, to leave the country. He went to Rome to escape them, and there maintained himself by the pursuits of his pen. While there his relations contrived that he should hear that Margaret was dead. In the utter despair of a crushed spirit he instantly took orders in the Church. Returning to Holland he found the report of the death of Margaret to be false; he found her the mother of his little boy, Gerard, afterwards called, by the transmutations of proper names, not uncommon in that day, Desiderius Erasmus, but the pair always continued to live separate from each other, although they seemed to have retained their passionate affection. Margaret would never marry any other person, and his adoption of the vows of a religious life prevented the possibility of his entering on the married state. We read, very incidentally, of a brother of Erasmus, but this seems inexplicable with what we know of

the real facts of his parents' history. He very early gave evidence of those splendid powers which were to purchase for him his immortal name in the history of letters. When little more than four years of age, having a sweet voice, he became a chorister in the Cathedral Church of Utrecht: at nine years of age he went to school at Daventer, where he had for school-fellow, Adrianus Florentius, afterwards Pope Adrian VI., and the friendship of the schoolfellows continued in the widely different circumstances to which they were raised; his mother followed him to Daventer that she might live near him, and keep a watchful eye over him, and there she died of the plague, when the boy was about thirteen years of age. Gerard the elder, became inconsolable for the loss of the beloved woman, who had been so much to him, he followed her soon after, dying at the age of about forty years; the guardians of Erasmus, probably the brothers of Gerard, base and dishonest men, attempted to repeat in his history the cruelties which had been attempted, or perpetrated on his father; they sought by bribing him into a convent or monastery, to obtain possession of his property; they forced him to enter the Friary of Balduk in Brabant, and there he continued three years, but young as he was, he had the firmness to hold out against all persuasions, to become a regular; they sent him to another convent, and then to a third, but the idea of becoming a priest was hateful to him, it seemed to him that religion was the thing least regarded in religions; at last persecuted, and driven from place to place, in the year 1486, when about nineteen years of age, he took the habit; certainly the commencement of his life of religious duty was not likely to incline his mind to a very favourable regard with the monastic life. His life in the monastery was brief, he escaped from it as early as possible, for other duties not inconsistent with it, nor could he be ever induced to return; he speaks of his years as lost while in it, and of the tyranny of an ignorant and illiterate Superior. Perhaps if we could read his monastic life during those years, it would afford us some considerable amusement, especially judging from one illustration which shows, that the grief-stricken youth, was not averse to the indulgence of practical jokes. In the convent garden stood a pear-tree, the fruit of which was delicious, that the Superior retained it entirely for his own eating; Erasmus had the same taste, and was wont to get up in the dark of the early morning, to rob the tree; the Superior marked with dissatisfaction the diminution of his favourite fruit; now there was in the monastery an unpopular brother who limped very lamely, and when the Superior, exercising all his sagacity, watched to discover the delinquent, and actually saw some one descending from

the tree, he was so unguarded as from his window to make some little noise, giving Erasmus the hint that he was watched, the young wit hurriedly descended the tree, and hastened, limping all the way back to his cell, the Superior was quite satisfied that he had discovered the thief; the next morning he delivered a long discourse before the assembled monks on the duty of canonical obedience, and to the amazement of the lame brother, wound up by turning upon him and accusing him of robbery, and contempt of the commands of his Superior: vain were all his protestations of innocence, these only irritated the Superior the more, and a heavy penance was imposed upon him. Erasmus in one of his epistles, has fitted the blame upon the right shoulder, but this did not lighten the burden of the unhappy monk, on that dark day of condemnation in the chapter-house. We may suppose that the adroit brain, which invented this trick, would in some such other ways contrive a little to cheat his own grief, and obtain some little petty, not unforgivable, revenge on his companions. But the passion of Erasmus was for scholarship, and when he left the monastery, he refused a large pension, and larger promises offered to him, on condition of his becoming preceptor to a young illiterate Englishman, destined to become a Bishop; he declared he would not be so hindered from prosecuting his own studies, for all the wealth in the world. We are able to follow him in his early travels through the cities of Holland, Paris, and to England; his great desire seeming to be, to keep out of the way of the monastery. He declares he did not like their diet, their watchings, and vigils, fastings, and austerities; from an early time, he made up his mind that this was not religion, that these all might be with a lifeless creed, and an undevout nature, Erasmus becomes very interesting to us, when we find him at Oxford, in company with the promising youth, Thomas More, afterwards the great Lord Chancellor, statesman and martyr, and with the noble Colet, of whom we ought to know more, and who ought to be held in very high honour by us, not only as a scholar, but as one of the foremost of those clear and noble minds, who broke the bad influence of the dreary scholastic theology, and scattered the seeds of truth so pure and elevated, that, as we read of him and his words, his mind and character seem to be in alliance with the ripest results of modern thought. Between this great man and Erasmus, when the latter came to England, there sprung up and was matured one of those rich friendships which it is beautiful to contemplate; the relations of Colet and Erasmus form themselves a delightful and interesting study, certainly in those first years Erasmus seems most indebted to Colet. Erasmus had devoted himself to classical attainments



and learning ; Colet had studied with intensity the truths of the Gospel, as opened up from a careful analysis of the New Testament. Erasmus had not, amidst his scorn and contempt for monastic follies, struck down to their roots the absurdities of the popular prevalent, but monastic, theology ; Colet had studied closely the works, the "Summa" of Aquinas, and he entertained for it, and for the schoolman apparently, a scorn as profound in its quietness as Erasmus entertained for his monks ; when Erasmus, one day, in conversation, wished to except Aquinas from the common herd, as worthy of praise, Colet exclaimed passionately "What do you extol to me such a man as Aquinas ? If he had not been very arrogant indeed, he would not surely so rashly have taken upon himself to define all things, and unless his spirit had been somewhat worldly, he would not surely have corrupted the whole teaching of Christ, by mixing up with it his profane philosophy." This was new light to Erasmus ; it set him upon studying the works of Aquinas in the spirit of Colet's advice to young theological students, "keep to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and let Divines" if they like, dispute about the rest." The result of Colet's influence upon the mind of Erasmus became manifest enough in his *Praise of Folly*. Colet seems to have led the mind of his younger friend through considerations of inspiration, of evangelical views of the work of Christ, of expositions of Scripture, which after they had parted their several ways from the golden happy conversations at Oxford ; Colet coming to London to be Dean of St. Paul's, and preacher at St. Paul's Cross, and Erasmus to return to the Continent, visit Italy, and mature his character by intercourse with men and things, left their durable traces upon his mind, life, and work. Colet was one of those great self-contained intelligences, calm and clear, yearning for sympathy, but not caring to receive it, unless it were the sympathy of perfect appreciation, founded in all the rites of the intellect and the moral nature, he was not likely to give to the blood of Erasmus, a more rapid and passionate glow than it already possessed. Erasmus was perhaps not much in danger of becoming an enthusiast, before he knew Colet, and such a possibility diminished afterwards. Colet's mind was judicial, he might be called the judicious Colet, with more justice than Hooker ; the passion for truth in him burnt with pure steadiness, it never shot out into red flames ; out of his own mind he seems to have wrought those principles which, as the creed of the Reformation created a frenzy through the popular mind of Europe, but he was reserved, and did not feel that he served his great principles by scattering them broadcast into all minds ; he desired to see them germinating rather through the thought and knowledge of

scholars and teachers ; perhaps he could not foresee the result to be achieved, the tremendous agitations to be realized by the avowal of principles he saw clearly, but whose tremendous effects he only dimly descried ; at any rate, in opening his heart and mind to Erasmus, he besought him to work with him to purify the thought and theology of his age. When Erasmus first made the acquaintance of Colet, he must have been about twenty-nine years of age ; when he left England, after his first visit, he was probably about thirty-two ; some years passed before he added to the great fame he was acquiring as one of the foremost leaders in the revival of polite, and classical learning, the more questionable fame of a leader of religious opinion ; we believe we know of no other instance among the illustrious men of letters of that age whose life reveals such a career of literary vagabondage as that of Erasmus. Luther, with the exception of his brief visit to Rome, narrowed his wanderings to a very contracted part of Germany ; Colet, after he closed his prelections at Oxford, fulfilled his great duties in the little sphere of London, the small, though rising city of the age, only quitting the neighbourhood of St. Paul's to relieve his life in the house of his mother in the sweet, and not very remote, little village of Stepney ; the same may be said of More, whose life seems to have touched few places beyond Oxford, the aristocratic, civic, shade of Bucklersbury, and the easy retirement of Chelsea. It is the same with most of the great Continental men, Melancthon, Reuchlin, Hutten, and Zuinglius ; but Erasmus was always moving, not that, travel could have been a very pleasant recreation in those days. The author of the " Cloisters and the Hearth " has given some very vivid, and most literary just descriptions of the perils besetting the travellers of those times, and for some of the best glimpses of the dangers, we are indebted to Erasmus himself ambling along on his way the student must have been incessantly following out the life of reverie, contemplation, and criticism on the road-side ; the inns of Germany afforded a poor retreat for the belated or weary traveller ; the inns of Italy were a great deal worse ; upon some well-known, and accustomed stage, in the depths of a forest, or in the midst of a rough and barely passable wilderness, would stand some well-known and incessantly-frequented inn, a place for no delicacies and luxuries for travellers, whose pockets were so shallowly lined, as were those of Erasmus ; for many of the best years of his life, one room had to serve for all comers there ; perhaps eighty or ninety guests stowed themselves, boots, baggage, dirt and all ; wet clothes hanging on the iron stove to dry, while waiting for supper, and all the classes mingling together in Babylonish confusion,—footmen,



horsemen, merchants, sailors, waggoners, husbandmen, children and women, the healthy and the sick ; some combing their heads, some washing or wiping their faces, cleaning their boots, the sharp aromatic flavour of garlic pervading the whole ; and, then in the stifling closeness of the heated room, the common meal—a coarse very common and ill-cooked meal, which we may suppose our poor dainty scholar scarcely able to touch, and then the bedroom very much in keeping with the supper-room, nothing in it but a rough bed, and rough unwashed sheets, so he travelled, and out of such scenes grew his *Colloquies*, one of the richest books of satire, and yet good-humoured description in Europe ; not but that he had in his travels, other and very different treatment ; but perhaps staying in palaces with noblemen, princes, and cardinals would not make such an entertainment as that we have described in a German inn, more delightful. He has given to us in one of his epistles, a most pleasant and characteristic account of the manner in which he was received when in Rome, at the age of forty-two, although still not at his great fame, by Cardinal Dominic Grimani ; he had sent Erasmus word by Bembus that he should be glad to see him. “ As he had thus invited me,” says Erasmus, “ once or twice, I, who was then very awkward at “ paying my court to the Great, went rather through shame at “ refusing, that out of any inclination. There was no creature “ either at the door, or in the hall ; and it was in the afternoon. “ I gave my horse to my servant, and went in alone.”

I saw no one in the first, second, or third room ; nor did I find any door shut ; and I wondered at the silence and solitude. At last I arrived at a room where I found one man, a Greek, a physician as I thought, close shaved, who stood at an open door. I asked him what the Cardinal might be doing. He answered, that he was conversing with some gentlemen ; and, as I said no more, he asked me my business. I would only have paid my compliments, said I, to the Cardinal, if it had been convenient ; but, since he is engaged, I will come another time. As I was making a retreat, I looked out at a window, to see the situation of the place. The Greek came to me again, and asked me, if I would have him say anything to the Cardinal. It is not necessary, said I, to disturb him : I will shortly come again. At last he asked me my name, and I told him : upon which he slipped away, unperceived by me, and returning desired me not to go. In a minute after, I was called in. The Cardinal received me, not as such an one as he might have received a person of my low station, but as though I had been one of his colleagues. He ordered me a chair, and we conversed together for more than two hours, nor would he suffer me to be uncovered : a surprising civility from a man of his dignity ! Amongst several things relating to learning, in which he shewed great skill, he gave me an ac-

count of his intention to collect a library, which I hear he hath since executed. He exhorted me not to leave Rome, a place where men of genius were encouraged. He offered me his own house, and told me, that the air of Rome, being warm and moist, would suit my constitution, that he was situated in the most wholesome part of the city, and that a certain Pope had built the palace in which he lived, upon that account. After much conversation, he called in his nephew, who was already an Archbishop, and was of a promising genius. As I offered to rise, the Cardinal would not let me, and said, that the Disciple ought to stand in the presence of his Master. Then he shewed me his library well stored with authors of different languages. Had I known him sooner, I should never have quitted Rome, where I found more favour than I deserved: but I was then determined to go, and it was not in my power to stay. As soon as I told him that I had a call from the King of England, he pressed me no more, &c.

! Perhaps it was well that Erasmus did not see the courteous Cardinal before. In the same letter he admits, how much better he should have done for himself had he continued in Italy; but we, who now wonder that Erasmus contrived to escape at all the iron arm of Rome, very plainly perceive that the air of the land of the Inquisition would have, by no means, been favourable to that life of thorough freedom of thought and expression which Erasmus delighted to live, and by the enjoyment of which he seemed to give satisfaction to few besides himself; for it is undoubtedly as a satirist that Erasmus is now best known, as it was also as a satirist that in his own day he was most feared. There is heresy enough in his *Colloquies*, and his *Praise of Folly*, to have consumed him again and again at the stake, had he only lived a little later. Those two books exhibit a thorough knowledge of the world; we suppose he did not enjoy his dinners at the roadside inns, but he could not avoid hearing all and every kind of opinion expressed, and seeing every kind of character, and the rich variety comes out fully in both productions; to him they evidently were by no means regarded as the serious works of his life; but none of his more purposed productions had so wide a fame. He must have been near forty when he wrote the *Praise of Folly*, in the house of his friend, Thomas More, when he returned to England, the result clearly enough of many a mental note. Nearly ten years more passed by before he gave utterance to his much larger work, and more comprehensive collection of satires in the *Colloquies*. During the years between his first conversations with Colet, and his return to England, he had quite recast all his opinions about the schoolmen. The reader who is at all acquainted with the history of the vain and frivolous phi-

losophy of the Middle Ages, will be at no loss to appreciate such passages as the following :—

Next to these come the Philosophers, in their long beards and short cloaks, who esteem themselves the only favourites of wisdom, and look upon the rest of mankind as the dirt and rubbish of the creation: yet these men's happiness is only a frantic craziness of brain; they build castles in the air, and infinite worlds in a vacuum. They'll give you to a hair's breadth the dimensions of the sun, moon, and stars, as easily as they would do that of a flagon or pipkin: they'll give a punctual account of the rise of thunder, of the origin of winds, of the nature of eclipses, and of all the other abstrusest difficulties in physie, without the least demur or hesitation, as if they had been admitted into the cabinet council of nature, or had been eye-witnesses to all the accurate methods of creation: though alas, Nature does but laugh at all their puny conjectures.

Again, in the following passage, the simplicity of Scripture is set against the follies of the Scotist and Thomist :—

The Apostles often mention grace; yet never distinguish between *gratia gratis data*, and *gratia gratificans*. They earnestly exhort us likewise to good works; yet never explain the difference between *Opus operans*, and *Opus operatum*. They very frequently press and invite us to seek after charity, without dividing it into infused and acquired, or determining whether it be a substance or an accident, a created or an uncreated being. They detected sin themselves, and warned others from the commission of it; and yet I am sure they could never have defined so dogmatically as the Scotists have since done. St. Paul, who in others' judgment is no less the chief of the Apostles, than he was in his own the chief of sinners, who being bred at the feet of Gamaliel, was certainly more eminently a scholar than any of the rest; yet he often exclaims against vain philosophy, warns us from doting about questions and strifes of words, and charges us to avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called; which he would not have done, if he had thought it worth his while to have become acquainted with them, which he might soon have been, the disputes of that age being but small, and more intelligible sophisms, in reference to the vastly greater intricacies they are now improved to.

The following is a rich passage, and not unworthy to be conned by some in the present day. It must be remembered that each of the items of his satire entered really into the conditions of the scholastic faith of those times :—

The Divines present themselves next; but it may perhaps be most safe to pass them by, and not at all to touch upon so harsh a string as



this subject would afford. Beside, the undertaking may be very hazardous; for they are a sort of men generally very hot and passionate; and should I provoke them, I doubt would let upon me with a full cry, and force me with shame to recant: which if I stubbornly refuse to do, they'll presently brand me for an heretic, and thunder out an excommunication, which is their spiritual weapon to wound such as lift up a hand against them. It is true, no men own a less dependence on me, yet have they reason to confess themselves indebted for no small obligations. For it is by one of my properties, self-love, that they fancy themselves, with the elder brother Paul, caught up into the third heaven, from whence, like shepherds indeed, they look down upon their flock the laity, grazing, as it were, in the vales of the world below. They fence themselves in with so many surrounders of magisterial definitions, conclusions, corollaries, propositions explicit and implicit, that there is no falling in with them; or if they do chance to be urged to a seeming nonplus, yet they find out so many evasions, that all the art of man can never bind them so fast, but that an easy distinction shall give them a starting-hole to escape the scandal of being baffled. They'll cut asunder the toughest argument with as much ease as Alexander did the Gordian knot: they'll thunder out so many rattling terms, as shall fright an adversary into conviction. They are exquisitely dexterous in unfolding the most intricate mysteries: they'll tell you to a tittle all the successive proceedings of the Omnipotence in the Creation of the Universe: they'll explain the precise manner of original sin being derived from our first parents: they'll satisfy you in what manner, by what degrees, and in how long a time, our Saviour was conceived in the Virgin's womb; and demonstrate in the consecrated wafer how accidents may subsist without a subject. Nay, these are accounted trivial, easy questions; they have yet far greater difficulties behind, which notwithstanding they solve with as much expedition as the former: as namely, whether supernatural generation requires any instant of time for its acting? Whether Christ, as a Son, bears a double specifically distinct relation to God the Father, and his Virgin Mother? Whether this proposition is possible to be true, the First Person of the Trinity hated the Second? Whether God, who took our nature upon Him in the form of a man, could as well have become a woman, a devil, a beast, an herb, or a stone? And were it so possible that the Godhead had appeared in the shape of an inanimate substance, how he should then have preached His Gospel? Or, how have been nailed to the cross? Whether, if St. Peter had celebrated the Eucharist at the same time our Saviour was hanging on the cross, the consecrated bread would have been transubstantiated into the same Body that remained on the tree? Whether in Christ's corporal presence in the sacramental wafer His Humanity be not abstracted from His Godhead? Whether after the Resurrection we shall eat and drink as we do in this life? There are a thousand other more sublimated and refined niceties of notions, relations, quantities, formalities, quiddities, hæccities, and such like abstrusities, as one would think no one could pry into, except he

had not only such cat's-eyes as to see best in the dark, but even such a piercing faculty to see through an inch board, and spy out what really never had any being. Add to these some of their tenets and opinions, which are so absurd and extravagant, that the wildest fancies of the Stoicks, which they so much disdain and decry as paradoxes, seem in comparison just and rational; as their maintaining, that it is a less aggravating fault to kill a hundred men, than for a poor cobbler to set a stitch on the Sabbath-day; or, that is more justifiable to do the greatest injury imaginable to others, than to tell the least lie ourselves. And these subtilities are alchymized to a more refined sublimity by the abstracting brains of their several schoolmen; the Realists, the Nominalists, the Thomists, the Albertists, the Occamists, the Scotists; these are not all, but the rehearsal of a few only, as a specimen of their divided sects: in each of which there is so much of deep learning, so much of unfathomable difficulty, that I believe the Apostles themselves would stand in need of a new illuminating Spirit if they were to engage in any controversy with these new divines. St. Paul, no question, had a full measure of faith; yet when he lays down faith to be the substance of things not seen, these men carp at it for an imperfect definition, and would undertake to teach the Apostles better logic. Thus the same holy author wanted for nothing of the grace of charity; yet (say they) he describes and defines it but very inaccurately, when he treats of it in the thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. The primitive disciples were very frequent in administering the holy sacrament, breaking bread from house to house; yet should they be asked of the *terminus a quo*, and the *terminus ad quem*, the nature of transubstantiation? The manner how one body can be in several places at the same time? The difference betwixt the several attributes of Christ in heaven, on the cross, and in consecrated bread? What time is required for the transubstantiating the bread into flesh? How can it be done by a short sentence pronounced by the priest, which sentence is a species of discreet quantity, that has no permanent *punctum*? Were they asked (I say) these, and several other confused queries, I don't believe they could answer so readily as our mincing schoolmen now-a-days take a pride to do. They were well acquainted with the Virgin Mary; yet none of them undertook to prove that she was preserved immaculate from original sin, as some of our divines very hotly contend for. St. Peter had the Keys given to him, and that by our Saviour Himself, who had never entrusted him, except he had known him capable of their manage and custody; and it is much to be questioned whether Peter was sensible of that subtilty broached by Scotus, that he may have the key of knowledge effectually for others, who has no knowledge actually in himself. Again, they baptized all nations, and yet never taught what was the formal, material, efficient, and final cause of baptism, and certainly never dreamt of distinguishing between a delible and indelible character in this sacrament. They worshipped in the spirit, following their Master's injunction, "God is a Spirit, and they which worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth;" yet it don't appear



that it was ever revealed to them how divine adoration should be paid at the same time to our blessed Saviour in heaven, and to His picture here below on a wall, drawn with two fingers held out, a bald crown, and a circle round His head. To reconcile these intricacies to an appearance of reason, requires threescore years' experience in metaphysics.

It will be seen from this that Erasmus, in his satire, expressed no uncertain opinions. In the same tone and strain all orders of society fall in for his castigation, but especially monks. The reason he assigned, by-and-by, for the unpopularity or persecution of Luther, is quite as richly applicable to himself; he was guilty of two crimes, he touched the pope on the crown, and the monks upon the belly. Monks to Erasmus were strange animals in black, white, and grey habits, hovering about the ears of princes, and stirring them up to war; or a new race of Jews, who at the judgment-day would be amazed when waking up, to find themselves at the left hand among the goats. Kings, princes, and courtiers, all fall beneath the panegyric of Folly, but monks evidently receive her richest adulations. The little book was sent over to Paris to be printed about the summer of 1511, and in the course of a few months, passed through no less than seven editions; he ventured on much more dangerous ground in the *Colloquies*. The blow of the Reformation had not been struck in England; yet Henry VIII. was on the throne, a personal and interested friend of Erasmus; as, indeed, it ought never to be forgotten, Erasmus had the distinguished personal friendship of all the great princes, popes, emperors, kings of that age. When he wrote his *Praise of Folly*, he had not attained to all these elevated marks of regard. When he published his *Colloquies*, he was in the ripeness of life and the fullest splendour of his fame. He knew England well; the king had conferred upon him a living near Ashford, in Kent, which, however, to his honour, he did not retain long, feeling the performance of its duties to be incompatible with his other tasks and tastes. He might easily have been a bishop; he might easily have been anything he desired in the Church—a cardinal and a prince. When they told him there was a thought of making him a bishop, he laughed at the idea; but all honours were in his hands, and before him; all this ought to be remembered, when he is charged with tergiversation and double-mindedness. The centre in which he very largely moved might have been sufficient to have quite repressed the magnanimity, of any a most bravely magnanimous man; it was from that very centre that he shot forth his *Colloquies*, which contain the very pith of the Reformation. Let the reader refer to *The Religious Pilgrimage*, and inquire of himself whether it

was not likely to create some consternation in monkish circles, to have found objects the most sacred treated with such irreverent satire? it must have been, one thinks, a perfect thunder-bolt among the monks. In those very years, the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, only a few miles removed from the English vicarage of Erasmus, was the object of attraction to all pilgrims, the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham, scarcely less so; Erasmus visited both, and threw into the form of his dramatic imaginary conversations, his observations and reflections upon both shrines. Heroism is many featured. Luther at Worms excites in us every emotion of admiration and regard. Erasmus was always a timid creature; he confessed that he feared he was unequal to the task of martyrdom; "Timidly, he says, "I fear if an occasion presented itself, I should sooner give up a part of the truth than disturb the public peace." Elsewhere he confesses his sense of inability to take upon himself the honours of martyrdom. Let us appreciate him then, while all incentives within him, and around him whispered "be quiet and still," that he was brave enough to step forward and point the finger of scorn upon indulgences, priests' pardons, and all the follies of confession, and saint worship. All the pomp of silk vestments, and golden candlesticks, the rich relics and altar ornaments, were beheld by him with something more than the feeling of a satirist, the feeling of an indignant Christian too. When at Walsingham, they showed him the middle-joint of St. Peter's finger, and he remarked to them, "that Peter must have been a very lusty man." When, more miraculous still, they showed him some of the concreted milk of the Virgin Mary, which looked to him like beaten chalk tempered with the white of an egg, while he shocked the indignant verger, by boldly requesting to be informed what evidence there was of its being the milk of the Virgin. We fancy on his lips, and in his quiet eye, something of the same incredulity as that manifested by Beckford, when, three hundred years after, they showed him in the Escorial, a feather which had fallen from the wing of the archangel Gabriel. Indignation, we suppose, came to its climax, when at Canterbury they gave him a shoe of St. Thomas's to kiss, upon which surprising little incident he seems to break forth as follows :—

In our journey to London, not far from Canterbury, there's a narrow, hollow, steep way, and a cragged, steep bank, on either side, so that you can't escape it; for there is no other way to go. Upon the left hand of that way, there is a little cottage of old Mendicants. As soon as they espy a man on horseback coming, one of them runs out, and sprinkles him with holy-water, and then offers him the upper leather of

a shoe, with a brass ring on it, in which is a glass, as if it were some gem. Having kissed it, you give a small piece of money. *Men.* In such a way, I had rather meet with a cottage of old Mendicants, than a gang of lusty foot-pads. *Ogy.* Gratian rode on my left hand, next to this cottage; he was sprinkled with holy water, and took it pretty well; but on presenting the shoe, he asked what was meant by that? This, says the poor man, was St. Thomas's shoe. Gratian fell into a passion, and turning to me, said, what would these brutes have? Will they make us kiss the shoes of all that have been good men? Why do they not as well give us their spittle, and the other excrements of their bodies, to kiss? I pitied the poor old man, and comforted him, being sorrowful, by giving him a little money. *Men.* In my opinion, Gratian was not angry altogether without a cause. If these shoes and slippers were preserved as an argument of moderation in living, I should not dislike it: but I think it a piece of impudence, to thrust slippers, and shoes, and stockings, upon any one to be kissed. If any one shall do it of their own free choice, from a great affection to piety, I think they deserve to be left to their liberty.

Similar reflections also passed through his mind, as walking round the Cathedral, he marked, as we all have marked, what are the stations?

*Ogy.* But hark ye, han't I set you a-gog to go on pilgrimages? *Men.* Perhaps you may, by that time you have finished your relation; but as I find myself at present, I have enough to do to travel my Roman stations. *Ogy.* Roman ones, you who never saw Rome? *Men.* I'll tell you, after that manner I walk about my house, I go to my study, and take care of my daughter's chastity; thence I go into my shop, and see what my servants are doing; then into the kitchen, and see if anything be amiss there; and so from one place to another, what my wife and what my children are doing; taking care that every one be at his business. These are my Roman stations. *Ogy.* But St. James would take care of these things for you. *Men.* The Holy Scriptures enjoin me to look after them myself, but I do not find any text to leave them to the saints.

The writing of these things has given to Erasmus a character of the earlier Voltaire of Europe, but there was in him something of the swift and consuming wit of Voltaire, is undoubted, but the comparison will not hold long, Erasmus was a good and serious man, and his satire was always good-humoured, and he is never spiteful; Erasmus seems to us believed far more than he doubted; he was too large-natured to be spiteful; there is nothing feline or splenetic among all the strokes of his humour, that it was coarse enough sometimes, is unquestionable, indeed he was, perhaps, more like a Swift than a Voltaire; "We kiss," he says, "the old shoes and dirty handkerchiefs of the saints, and we neglect



“ their books, which are the more holy and valuable relics ; we  
 “ lock up their shirts and clothes in cabinets adorned with jewels,  
 “ but leave their writings to mouldiness and vermin.” But it  
 has been said, most likely Erasmus kissed the old shoe himself ;  
 don’t kiss the old shoe and laugh at it as well ; we don’t know  
 about the old shoe, the chapter we have quoted from the *Colloquies*  
 would not incline us to think that it was favoured with the  
 osculatory affections of the scholar, we are not disposed ourselves  
 to ratify the impeachment of his earnestness ; certainly he never  
 missed an opportunity of saying some smart or withering thing  
 on the side of the Reformation, though many of these were in  
 later days ; when the mob were destroying the images he said :—  
 “ Now is the time for the images to perform miracles—they have  
 “ performed a good many when there was no particular occasion.”  
 As the controversy raged between Luther and the monks, he  
 exclaimed :—“ If these men, the monks, triumph, there will  
 “ be nothing for it but to write the epitaph of Jesus Christ.”  
 “ Then” it is said, “ why did he not come out ? why did he not  
 “ openly join Luther ?” It is a large question, and it should be  
 remembered in justice to Erasmus, that it may be replied to  
 without impeaching his consistency ; right or wrong the justice  
 should be done him of remembering that he, with many of the  
 fine spirits round him, seems really to have believed that the  
 Church might be reformed, without being utterly abandoned and  
 destroyed ; monks, and monasteries, pilgrimages, and relics, all  
 represented to him corruptions, which might be torn down, cast  
 out, and consumed, leaving the edifice pure and fair ; Luther,  
 we believe, was undoubtedly right ; there was nothing for it  
 but the renunciation of all fellowship with that dark, evil, and  
 unfruitful Church ; but while we avow this as our conviction, it  
 is not necessary, therefore, to believe that Erasmus was a coward  
 to the truth, and a traitor to himself ; things were an infinite  
 puzzle to him, he wanted to find the perfect ; a glance through  
 the ranks of the Lutherans did not satisfy him ; it did not satisfy  
 Luther himself always, and Erasmus was not a man of action ;  
 he was a man of contemplation, and he could find apologies, for  
 courses of conduct to which he could not commit himself ; as  
 when he was told that his friend Henkel had refused a bishopric,  
 he might have a bishop himself, but he said “ he had his reasons,  
 “ I suppose, but, as times go better, to a hog-driver than a hog.”  
 It is not a complimentary generalization of Church functionaries,  
 and Church affairs ; but it illustrates his quiet way of summing up  
 the difficulties of a position. The coming across the two satiric  
 pieces to which we have referred, has compelled us to anticipate  
 a little, and to wander a little, from the course of his life ; nor,

indeed, is it possible in the two or three pages we can devote to it to touch its incidents with any particular distinctness, for the life of Erasmus, unlike the lives of most men of mere contemplation, is delightfully entertaining, it is full of incident itself, it is surrounded by circumstance and closely interwoven with the stories of men who largely affected the opinion and the course of events in their times. Erasmus was not a man of that intensely devout, that passionately ardent nature, which meets us in the life of Luther. It has been usual to think of him as if, however, he had little claim to be regarded as a religious character at all ; he has been called Freethinker, Latitudinarian, Arian, infidel, and heretic ; especially by members of the Church of Rome, and of these, more especially by the Jesuits ; and Protestants have not been indisposed to follow in this train with unjust severity ; a little acquaintance with what he wrote would suffice to show the wickedness of all this, his *Enchiridion* was one of his earlier works, seems to have been published about the year 1504, when he was of the age of thirty-seven ; but it was written in 1494 ; its true title, as rendered to us, is *The Christian Soldier's Dagger*. "And," he says, he did not "compose it in order to "make a parade of wit or eloquence, but to correct the vulgar "error of those who supposed religion to consist in mere ceremonies and bodily observances, surpassing even Jewish "superstitions, while strangely neglecting the things which concern "the real piety." It was written especially to aim at the conversion of a friend, who, while professing to be religious, was addicted to wine and women, and a very bad husband to his wife, whom he sometimes brutally ill-treated. John, the Gunsmith, we gather most likely, to have been the worthy ; for whose behoof the piece was written. It was most likely he to whom Erasmus, at a distant period of his life, refers, when He says, "He "gave me a sword, and I gave him a book, the *Enchiridion*, or "spiritual sword ; I have not, as yet, made use of his present, "nor he, I fancy, of mine." Ignatius Loyola hated the book thoroughly, and no wonder, the method of it is utterly opposite to the famous spiritual exercises of that arch and subtle mind ; but such words as the following, translated and condensed from the *Enchiridion*, by Mr. Seeborn, ought to assure the reader that there is nothing in it which should make it unacceptable to the judgment of a Protestant who holds the great doctrines of Gospel grace.

The good man is he whose body is a temple of the Holy Spirit : the bad man is like a whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones. If the soul loathes its proper food, if it cannot see what is truth, if it cannot



discern the Divine voice speaking in the inner ear ; if, in fact, it has become *senseless*, it is *dead*. And wherefore dead ? Because God, who is its life, has forsaken it. Now if the soul be dead it cannot be raised into life again but by the gracious power of God only. But we have God on our side. Our enemy has been conquered by Christ. In ourselves we are weak ; in Him we are strong. The victory lies in His hands, but He has put it also in ours. No one need fail to conquer, unless he does not choose to conquer. Aid is withheld from none who desire it. If we accept it, He will fight for us, and impute His love as merit to us. The victory is to be ascribed to Him, who alone being sinless, overcame the tyranny of sin ; but we are not on that account to expect it without our own exertions. We must steer our course between Scylla and Charybdis. We must neither sit down in idle security, relying on Divine grace, nor, in view of the hardness of the struggle, lay down our arms in despair.

Such words as these would strike at the root of the monastic system, he evidently felt the ambiguity of his own position, he says he does "not believe, since the days of Jesus Christ, there "had been an age so abounding in malice as that in which he had "the misfortune to live . . . Hard destiny has thrown me into "a tempestuous world, I can neither hold my peace, nor speak the "things which become the Gospel of Jesus Christ." He believed that he was sowing the seed of the kingdom, but he knew not how to speak out his whole mind : "Jesus Christ," says he, "cries "out, Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world ;" but the world, even the Church, was crying out, "be of good cheer, I have "overcome Jesus Christ !" and hence the character of, and the reception given to his *Novum Instrumentum* ; the Papists cursed it, Luther read it with grief and disappointment, because he perceived its anti-Augustinian tendencies pointed in a direction exactly opposite to his own. Yet it is a great, brave, and noble book. What are its chief doctrines ? Greatly like those of Luther, to call men back to the study of the simple truth as it is in Jesus, loyal devotion to the person of Christ. With intense earnestness he says :—"If the foot-prints of Christ are anywhere shown to "us, we kneel down and adore, why do we not rather venerate "the living, breathing picture of Him in the Gospel ; if the "vesture of Christ could be exhibited, where would we not go "to kiss it, yet, were His whole wardrobe exhibited, nothing "could represent Him so truly and vividly as the Evangelical "writings. We decorate statues of wood and stone with gold "and gems for the love of Christ, they only give us the form of "His body, but these books give to us the living image of His "most holy mind ; were we to have seen Him with our own "eyes, we should not have so intimate a knowledge as they give

“of Christ, speaking, healing, dying, and rising again, as it were “in our actual presence.” Indeed, in the *Novum Instrumentum*, we see the anticipation of that noble faith which is the only rest, and which we have some hope is rising into more distinctness in our own day—faith in the person of Christ, as revealed and unveiled in the gospels. It attempts to deal a shattering blow on all that scholastic medium of interpretation, that endless retinue of verbiage and casuistry, with which priests of all sects have in all ages sought to obscure the Son. As he says again, “the “philosophy of Christ is to be learned from its few books, with “far less labour than the Aristotelian is to be extracted from its “multitude of ponderous and conflicting commentaries.” What does the reader think of the following magnificent passage?

Nor is anxious preparatory learning needful to the Christian. Its viaticum is simple, and at hand to all. Only bring a pious and open heart, imbued above all things with a pure and simple faith. Only be teachable, and you have already made much way in this philosophy. It supplies a spirit for a teacher, imparted to none more readily than to the simple-minded. Other philosophies, by the very difficulty of their precepts, are removed out of the range of most minds. No age, no sex, no condition of life is excluded from this. The sun itself is not more common and open to all than the teaching of Christ. For I utterly dissent from those who are unwilling that the sacred Scriptures should be read by the unlearned translated into their vulgar tongue, as though Christ had taught such subtleties that they can scarcely be understood even by a few theologians, or as though the strength of the Christian religion consisted in men's ignorance of it. The mysteries of kings it may be safer to conceal, but Christ wished His mysteries to be published as openly as possible. I wish that even the weakest woman should read the Gospel—should read the epistles of Paul. And I wish these were translated into all languages, so that they might be read and understood, not only by Scots and Irishmen, but also by Turks and Saracens. To make them understood is surely the first step. It may be that they might be ridiculed by many, but some would take them to heart. I long that the husbandman should sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their stories the tedium of his journey.

Luther might read it with what grief he would; but Papists insisted upon it, that a man who could write like this, must be a Lutheran. Very likely they all felt of him what a certain bishop, about that time, felt when the edge of controversy drove him to read the Epistles of Paul, “I don't know what they are “about,” said he; “but I see very plainly that they will not “make for us.” The Friars everywhere began to roar against

him in their pulpits ; henceforth, there could be no more quiet for him. Sometimes he himself heard their sermons levelled at his own head, and by name. Thus, when at Lovaine, a Dominican preached against him in the University pulpit, in the presence of the rector of the University, and Erasmus gives a humorous description of the scene subsequently between himself and the preacher :—

Erasmus complained to the rector, and the rector invited the Dominican to defend himself. Erasmus tells the story.

“ I sate on one side and the monk on the other, the rector between us to prevent our scratching.

“ The monk asked what the matter was, and said he had done no harm.

“ I said he had told lies of me, and that was harm.

“ It was after dinner. The holy man was flushed. He turned purple.

“ ‘ Why do you abuse monks in your books ? ’ he said.

“ ‘ I spoke of your order,’ I answered. ‘ I did not mention you. You denounced me by name as a friend of Luther.’

“ He raged like a madman. ‘ You are the cause of all this trouble,’ he said ; ‘ you are a chameleon, you can twist everything.’

“ ‘ You see what a fellow he is,’ said I, turning to the rector. ‘ If it comes to calling names, why I can do that too ; but let us be reasonable.’ ”

“ He still roared and cursed ; he vowed he would never rest till he had destroyed Luther.

“ I said he might curse Luther till he burst himself if he pleased. I complained of his cursing me.

“ He answered, that if I did not agree with Luther, I ought to say so, and write against him.

“ ‘ Why should I ? ’ urged I. ‘ The quarrel is none of mine. Why should I irritate Luther against me, when he has horns and knows how to use them ? ’

“ ‘ Well, then,’ said he, ‘ if you will not write, at least you can say that we Dominicans have had the best of the argument.’

“ ‘ How can I do that ? ’ replied I. ‘ You have burnt his books, but I never heard that you had answered them.’

“ He also spat upon me. I understand that there is to be a form of prayer for the conversion of Erasmus and Luther.”

How scenes like these bring the quiet, imperturbable, yet keenly sarcastic man before us ; his quietness was at once his weakness and his strength. It was the faculty which prevented him from becoming a strong and passionate partisan ; it was the faculty also which enabled him to take those circular and equable views which prevented a passionate vehemency of conviction. There must have been multitudes, perhaps millions, in his day who felt very much as he felt ; it is mournfully true,



as Jortin says, "The mischief is, that a man cannot give up the truth without running into falsehood, and assenting to things which he does not believe." It was unconscious in the character of Erasmus we are persuaded; and if we were to mark the defect, so far as we are able to perceive it in the character, the system, and the faith of Erasmus, it would be that, theologically, his perception of the work of Christ seems not to have been equal to his faith in the person. In Luther the work was everything; indeed, to our own view, the perception of, and entire faith in the person of Christ, seems to involve faith in his work. What can be the value of the mysterious person without its relation to the infinite work? We hope and believe, nay, we have no doubt, that Erasmus felt it so; but there is all the difference in the putting. Believe in the work of Christ, you cannot escape from faith in, and reliance on the person; believe in the person of Christ, and you still may possibly be in great obscurity with regard to His work. Now here, no doubt, it was that Luther and Erasmus parted company; substantially, with reference to the work of Christ, they were no doubt one; but Erasmus had never felt what Luther had felt, or known what he had known. Justification by faith does not rise to the surface in the works of Erasmus, as in all the works and words of Luther; it was that doctrine which, from the lips and pen of Luther, became such an anodyne to the heart and conscience of the age, such a source of overwhelming power. We suppose, and are grieved to suppose, that Erasmus did not see that this doctrine acknowledged must overturn the whole Papacy into a weltering mass of confusion; and then, as he himself confesses, he was timid, "I had no inclination to die for the truth; every man has not the courage requisite to make a martyr, and I fear that if I was put to the trial, I should imitate St. Peter." We ought to appreciate the modest boldness of such a confession, at the same time rejoice that there were those living then who were made of sterner stuff. The works of Erasmus were condemned by theological cabals, and hacked and mangled by the Inquisition, which struck out the most valuable parts of them, and they would have been lost to all future ages but for that party which he would not boldly espouse, but which forgives his weakness and irresolution for the sake of the measure of his faithfulness to truth, his immense genius, and his useful labours. To the monks, of course, and all their party of dreary duncifiers, it was all mist and moonshine; all that they knew was, that the whole business "made against us." Bibilbus Pirckheimerus, in one of his letters, informs Erasmus of a comical dispute he had with a

Mendicant monk; they were together in a company where Erasmus was highly commended; the monk felt himself called upon to express his dissatisfaction by gestures and words, whereupon he was asked to declare what he had to say against Erasmus, and he said, "That he had from his own eyes, and, "in many instances, from the testimony of others, that Erasmus "was a notorious eater of fowls." "But," said Percima, "did "he buy them, or steal them?" "He bought them," said the monk. "Well, then," said Percima, "there's a fox I know "of who is a much greater knave, for he comes into my yard "very frequently and steals a fowl without paying me; but, "reverend father, answer to my troubled soul this question: is "it a sin to eat fowl?" "O, certainly," said the monk, "it's "dreadful; it's the sin of gluttony, and Erasmus is a Church- "man, and for a Churchman to eat fowl it is heinous." "Ah, "I see, reverend father," said Percima, "I take you now; the "sinner eats them upon fast days." "I daresay," said the monk; "but we ecclesiastics ought to abstain on all days, as "well as on fast days from such delicacies as fowls." "Dear, "good, reverend father," said Percima, "is it by eating dry bread "you have got that big belly of yours? Oh, reverend man, if "all the fowls, which have gone into it, could lift up their voice "at once, and cackle in concert, they would make noise enough "to drown the drums and trumpets of an army." Erasmus seems to have been himself quiet enough beneath the tempestuous mass of vituperation by which he was assailed, excepting when flinging out his quiet witticisms. When Standish, Bishop of St. Asaph, assailed him, Erasmus liked to call him the *Episcopum Sancto Asino*—the Bishop of St. Ass—or when the brace of monks at Lovaine, a Dutch Carmelite and a Dominican, poured out their detractions upon him, Erasmus fastened upon them the elegant and classical epithets of *Obtrictorem*, *Pertinacissimum*, which we may freely translate, a confirmed blackguard, and upon the other, *Bucentau*, or ox driver. It is beautifully to the honour of Erasmus that he seems never to have lost his temper, and the glances of his wit sheened about like sheet-lightning, with the irradiation of good-humour, seldom, except in his controversy with Hutten, partaking of the nature of spite, or spleen. Luther said things amazingly more severe of Erasmus, than Erasmus of Luther. Erasmus, in some of his roughest words about Luther, stopped himself to confess that he found, in his writings, something which was truly apostolical; he was fond of saying, "Nothing is more easy than to call Luther "a blockhead; nothing less easy than to prove him one." "Luther," he said, when Spablinus, the Pope's agent, offered



him one of the best bishoprics if he would write against Luther, "Luther is so profound a divine that I do not pretend "to comprehend him thoroughly, and so great a man that I learn "more from one page in his books than from all Thomas Aquinas." He summed the worth of most of the attacks upon himself aright, when he spoke of them as works which, "like a candle's "end burning in the socket, soon cease, alke to burn and to "stink." His calmness kept him for the most part well-behaved; he used to say, "We have been stunned long enough with the "cry of 'Gospel, Gospel,' we want Gospel manners." We have been desirous, in these brief pages, of saying some few words, a little to commend the temper and spirit of a man who seems scarcely to have received all the honour he deserves; his last years, and many of his late years, were spent, as our readers know, at Basle, from the year 1518 till the close. Basle suited his constitution, he was weak, and did not enjoy good health, the child, who came into the world amidst circumstances of so much grief, had become the observed of all men, great and small, who were interested in what was transpiring around them; subject as he was to so much ill-health, he had a most radiant gaiety of spirit, which seems never to break down; if we regret some aspects of his character, which look like timidity, let us also do honour to that buoyancy of temperament, which never condescends to coarseness or virulence. His name was so eminent that all parties desired to have him, and princes sought for the honour of entertaining him. Rumours of his death were circulated long before he died, and a story is told, even so early as the year 1518, of a company of monks drinking together at Cologne, when news was brought that Erasmus was no more, they burst forth into vehement joy; the applause was repeated again and again, when it was supposed that Erasmus had died like a heretic as he was. *Sine crux, sine lux, sine Deus*, without the cross, without the candle, and without God. They were mistaken, Erasmus was to live for many years yet, and to change their key, as he tells us in one of his letters, to the exclamation, "that if he were not "dead, it were well for that man if he had never been born." He died in 1536, he had been ill for a month, and saw plainly that his death was inevitable; but he died, as might be supposed, with perfect calm: why not? What line is there in any of his writings which should lead any one to doubt the perfect faith and unswerving confidence of the great Reformer, in the world's and his Redeemer; he had reached the age of sixty-seven, had outlived his beloved friend and teacher Colet, had heard with horror the news of the execution of him whom he called his darling friend, Sir Thomas More; to whose memory he bore the

testimony, that his bosom was altogether whiter than snow; and concerning whom he expressed the assurance, that very soon he should meet him again. Did our readers ever notice the last words which fell from his pen? Here they are, and well fitted are they to excite profound reverence for his memory.

"Some think," he says, "that Christ is only to be found in the cloister. I think He is to be found, universal as the sun, lighting the world. He is to be found in the palaces of princes, and in the soldier's camp. He is to be found in the trireme of the sailor, and *in every pious heart*. . . . Know then, oh Christian! thy true dignity, not acquired by thy merit, but given thee from heaven. I am speaking to thee, whether thou art a man or a woman, young or old, rich or poor, noble or ignoble, a king, a peasant, or a weaver; and I tell thee, whoever thou art, if thou art born again in Christ, thou art a king! thou art a priest! thou art a saint! thou art the temple of the living God! Dost thou gaze in wonder at a temple of marble shining with gems and gold? Thou art a temple more precious than this! Dost thou regard as sacred the temple that bishops have consecrated? Thou art more sacred still! Thou art not anointed only with sacerdotal oil; thou art anointed with the blood of the immaculate Lamb." . . . "Each in his own temple," Erasmus goes on to say, "we must sacrifice our evil passions and our own wills—offer up our lives and hearts—if we would at last be translated into the heavenly temple, there to reign with Christ, to whom be glory and thanksgiving for ever!"

Dying, he constantly invoked the mercy of Almighty God and Jesus Christ; although his chamber and bed were illuminated by no monkish or sacerdotal mummeries, he proved his Protestantism in those last hours, by deliberately going forward into the great unknown, without confession to the priest, and without the services of the Church; his last words were, "Lieber Gott," dear God. Those who like to entertain their superstition and intolerance by believing that such a death was *sine crux, sine lux, sine Deus*, must do so; our readers will not be of the number. It seems to us, the cross, the light, and the Almighty God were present to the apprehension and the consolation of the passing soul. An immense concourse conveyed his remains to the tomb in the Cathedral Church of Basle; it is said, his coffin was borne by all the learning of the city. There his tomb may yet be seen; since his death, cities have contended for the honour of his birth; curious discussions have arisen from claimants: Rotterdam puts in the strongest claim to the honour, Tourcoing, France, has thought it worth while to contest the honour of his citizenship, and this arising from an ambiguous phrase in one of his letters; but the honour, there can be little doubt, rests with Rotterdam, where

still the monument rises to the memory of the man born under every disadvantage, lying, by birth and youth and education, depressed in poverty, friendless, slenderly supported—if it be not more true to say unsupported—fighting his way through all these obstacles by his native genius, and constant application; to become, for his solid learning and healthful wit, the favourite and the friend of princes, nobles and prelates, the greatest names in Church and State. It is far from our thought in this paper to attempt a symmetrical defence of all the words and positions taken up by Erasmus; either to attempt a thorough and symmetrical impeachment or defence would imply a much closer acquaintance with his writings than we can profess to have; but it does strike us that those who are rapid to condemn are tolerably unacquainted with the entire consistency, scope, and intention of his life and writings. We find much in his spirit most admirable, and a self-renunciation to which we apprehend that few who have condemned him nearly attained.

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## II.

## THE FOLK-LORE OF THE RED MAN.\*

IF the subject is not of intense practical importance and interest among the affairs of daily life, it must be of some interest to the ethnologist and philosopher to watch a whole race gradually consuming and wasting away. Yet a little while, it has been said, only the lapse of a few years, and the Red Indian will be a creature as extinct as the Dodo or the Ichthyosaurus, curious moccasins, and implements of warfare, and costume, canoes, cradles, tomahawks, calumets, and pipes, will be found in our museums. Dimly true and exaggerated portraits will charm in the pages of Cooper, the archæologist, will find a stupendous monument in the pages of Mr. Schoolcraft,† the exploring emigrant, pushing forth the conquest of colonisation, will break open some scattered *tumuli*, or come upon the almost obliterate remains of an Indian village, here and there, and such memorials as these will be all there will be left to the world to

- \* 1. *The Myth of Hiawatha, and other Oral Legends of the North American Indians.* By Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL.D., Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.
- 2. *Notes on the Iroquois; or, Contributions to American History, Antiquities, and General Ethnology.* By Henry R. Schoolcraft. Albany: Pease & Co.
- 3. *The American Indians; their History, Condition, and Prospects. From Original Notes and Manuscripts.* By Henry R. Schoolcraft. Buffalo: George H. Derby & Co.
- 4. *Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America.* By the Abbé Em. Domenech. In two volumes. London: Longman, Green, & Co.
- 5. *Letters and Notes of the Manners, and Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians.* By George Catlin. In two volumes. London, 1841.
- 6. *Kitchi Gami: Wanderings round Lake Superior.* By J. C. Kohl. Chapman and Hall.

† We have not referred above to Mr. Schoolcraft's immense book, scarcely known at all in this country, on the "Red Man," and of which we are so unfortunate as to have read only three volumes. The price of £25—we believe we are correct—must make it rarely unattainable to ordinary readers. It is, however, the literary monument to the memory of the red man.

remind it of the existence of that extraordinary child of romantic barbarism, the Red Indian. When the European landed upon those shores, it is computed the tribes amounted to about sixteen millions: in 1842 they were estimated at about two millions, but we apprehend the process of decimation has made continuous and fearful havoc since then, and rapidly they are, no doubt, going through the process of extinction. War, colonisation, that strange Juggernaut, civilisation, with its attendant beneficent spirits, and gunpowder and brandy, are doing their work. We would not indulge in merely sentimental regrets; it should not be forgotten, in our sympathy with the worn and wasted Indian tribes, and the horrible course of injustice to which they have been subjected, that all their usages are not such as to commend them very much to humane ideas. They seem to be uncivilisable, and resolutely resist all absorption into the ways and usages of our social ideas, hence, they are driven on from settlement to settlement. Mr. Catlin denies that the Indian in general is a nomadic or emigratory being; he yields to inevitable necessity, retires before the march of those waves of civilisation which sweep up to him and sweep over him like the darkness of night, to be resisted by no human power. Those who have lived amongst them longest ought to know them best. Men like Mr. Catlin and Mr. Schoolcraft have been drawn into their midst as if by a passion, and have spent long years in watching all their ways and observances, their mode of life and character, and Mr. Catlin, especially, pours out unaffected grief over the spectacle of their forced emigrations from their pastoral prairies and wilderness-homes. There are, it would seem, wonderfully fine ideals amongst the red men, who, amidst the ravages of colonisation and that fierce and fearful foe, small-pox, for which they have to thank us, retain a pathetic dignity. Mr. Catlin mentions the story of Mah-to-tar-pe (the four bears), he was one of the most gallant of the Mandan chiefs, and when small-pox broke out, and swept like a destroying angel, until only thirty of his tribe were left, and these were massacred by a band of Sioux, Mah-to-tar-pe was a friend of Mr. Catlin's, and the artist tells how this fine fellow sat in his wigwam and watched every one of his family die around him, his wives and his children. After he had recovered from the disease himself, he walked round his village, and wept over the final destruction of his tribe—his braves and his warriors—all laid low. When he came back to his lodge, he covered his whole family in a pile, with a number of robes and skins, and wrapping another round himself, went out and sat upon a hill at a little distance, resolved, despite all the solicitations of the traders, to starve himself to

death. He remained there for six days, when he had just strength enough to crawl back to the village; he entered the horrid gloom of his own wigwam, and, laying his body down along side the group of his own family, drew his skin or robe over him, and died on the ninth day of his abstinence. Such was the end of Mah-to-tar-pe. We think poetry, in its noblest flights, has seldom conceived a more sublime picture of natural, dignified human grief.

How far we should find our ideas corresponding with his, as he speaks of man in the artless simplicity of nature, in the full enjoyment of the luxuries God has bestowed upon him, shrinking from the approach of civilisation, with all its vices, from the soil and haunts of his boyhood, giving the last look over the hunting-grounds of his fathers, and with dignity and grace, after smoothing the graves of his ancestors, turning his face to the setting sun, we are scarce able to say. Perhaps the picture has its other side, but it cannot be doubted that through those vast deserts and solitudes, in the Red Man, in the beautiful visions recited round the wigwam fire, the wild religious ceremonies, such as the Buffalo dance, the extraordinary combination of a power of physical endurance with what must surely be regarded as, in many instances, a high degree of moral sensibility, the singular power of imagination, grandeur of expression, and generalization of the appearances of nature, their individuality of physical type, all mark them out as an interesting people, who assuredly may well, as they seem to fade away, claim some attention from the ethnologists or readers who are interested in preserving relics of an interesting people.

The Abbé Domenech, a faithful and enterprising missionary of the Romanist Church, in his delightful book, gives to us an account of the inhabitants of those wild deserts, perhaps even yet more entertaining and reliable; without being so close in its details as either Catlin or Schoolcraft, he surveyed them from a higher and more tenderly Christian point of vision; he does not sympathize with them less, regrets as profoundly the injustice they have been made to experience, but seems less impelled by the merely passionate determination to regard them only from an ideal point of view; his travels too were amazing, the amount of physical endurance with which he sustained his course through all those great deserts, tracking his way from Lake Erie, through Kentucky, through the regions of the Chickassas, Chactas, and Cherokees, right along through the great Indian territory, the deserts proper, tracked by the Comanches, and Apaches, through the long distances described from beyond the Gulf of California, by the shores of the Pacific, through the



regions of the great Serpent tribes, Shoshonies, up to the borders of Washington, British Columbia, and then back again, crossing over the great Prairie, the home of the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Sioux, the Pawnees, and those innumerable tribes whose names are better known to English readers ; tracts of country representing thousands of miles of wandering from the Yellow River to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the valley of the Mississippi, to the realms beyond the Rocky Mountains, amidst scenes frequently of surpassing beauty, the regions of the lakes of the Red River, sheets of water, girt with fields dotted with flowers of every loveliness of colour, butterflies of emerald and topaz hues, adorning the blooming bush. Chinese lilacs, and long lines of rose-bushes, diffusing sweet perfumes, and mocking birds, and every kind of bird, sending forth their eccentric whistle or harmonious song through magnificent deserts, vast solitudes in which frequently he found no inhabitant, spending the long night, again and again oppressed by the infinite silence, or sometimes equally oppressed by the amazing music, the mournful chants of rivers and winds, seeming to him to lift up wondrous canticles to heaven amidst the solemnity of night, giving utterance, he says, to airs transcending in their effect the melodies, the sublime melodies of Beethoven or the touching strains of Bellini, from month to month roaming on through depths again of immense mountain chains, a chaos of torrents and rivers, porphyries, granites, basalts, and marble, lost at last in the immensity of the ocean or the immensity of the firmament ; forests of cedars, oaks, and pines covering, with their sombre foliage, steep ravines and rugged glens, rising up to vapoury peaks lost in the heavens. Then again through realms of ruin, through the ruined remains of other extinct people of the desert, through days and nights when the tempest howled and roared round, and all the trees gave forth weeping and sighing, which it was difficult to believe did not proceed from living human beings, tones which accounted for many of the cherished children of the Indian imagination. Such are the realms inhabited by the Indian tribes, such are hunting-grounds, such are the territories rapidly yielding, although thousands of miles are undisciplined to culture yet, to the advances of steam and civilisation ; and such are the realms of nature through which they have had to travel, and with which they have had to make themselves acquainted who would see the red man in his native home. Every glance of first acquaintance with savage tribes compels the question as to their aboriginal relationship, their remote ancestry ; the red man has often seemed to us to suggest some descent from the Norse heroes, Scandinavian ancestries ; our early fathers of the

wild free forests, and rivers of Germany had very much the same way of looking at nature, and the outlying worlds of the mystical and the invisible. Mr. Schoolcraft's little volume concerning the Legend of "Hiawatha," and several other volumes with which we are acquainted, would form an equally interesting collection of a Red Indian "Grimm" if it were not for the consentaneousness of legendary outline, we might almost suppose that the stories had received some atmospheric tint from the mind of the narrator; but there seems no reason to think this; the imagination of the red man, his consciousness wrought upon by the surrounding sublime forms and sounds of nature, has enabled him, out of his own life of self-communing, to project these stories, dreams and hallucinations frequently as beautiful as any to be met with in the Folk-lore of any primitive people. Longfellow, in his *Hiawatha*, seized one of the greatest of these popular traditions; and Mr. Kohl, in his *Kitchi Gima*, seems to have attempted to gather up those particulars, either of tradition, or personal character, tending to illustrate the poem; and, bidding farewell to the scenery of his wandering and adventure, the accomplished traveller speaks of the regret with which he did so. "I left," said he, "behind me fairy tales for a new *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, and I had hardly succeeded in procuring two or three of them; rapidly disappearing nations remain behind me whom I shall never see again, and who yet appeared to me so deserving of a thorough study when I had myself scarcely laid my fingers' ends upon them." On every side this is the testimony these travellers bear, varying, it would seem, with the regions and tribes among whom they resided, and whose continued attachment to their wild heathen usages depends very much upon their nearness to, or remoteness from, the phases and forms of civilisation. But the Red Indian has not to make the acquaintance of any of our readers, his characteristics we may presume to be tolerably well known; but the forms of the protracted endurance of the man, and the peculiar forms of his strange wild, beautiful poetry and tradition, these are not so well known; a savage is of course usually an incongruous creature. Sometimes, as we have read these books, we have thought, with all their sins, savageisms and shames, we ought to go among some of those tribes really to learn what Christianity is, certainly in some of its higher moral precepts; when we learn, for instance, of many of the tribes, that while the recitation of deeds of personal bravery, heroism, and even cruelty is encouraged, with all the exaggerations and effects with which the story is likely to be surrounded, a man convicted of a lie at a war-dance would be ruined for life, and could never regain the

confidence of his countrymen; then again, the moral law among the Indians is, that as long as a man has anything, he must share it among those who want, and no one could attain any degree of respect who would not do this liberally; next to the liar the greedy accumulator for self is the most despicable of all characters; the rule throughout Indian life is, a man must first share with others, and then think of himself: cruel and fierce in war, hospitality and perfect good faith pervade their ranks in times of peace. Says Mr. Kohl, "We are here a handful of Europeans surrounded by more than a thousand Indians armed with tomahawks, knives, and guns, yet not one of us feel the slightest alarm; hardly one of us Europeans possess a weapon, only the Indians are armed. For miles round, every bush conceals an Indian, and the wooden booths of the Europeans are filled with most handsome and desired articles; a ship-load of wares has just arrived, the block-house in which they are stowed might be broken open with a hatchet, there is not a policeman or a soldier near us; the sum of ready-money in the block-house in handsome new coinage amounts to several thousand dollars, yet not one of us thinks of locking a door or bolting a window; it may be said that the Indians for their own sake would soon detect and give up a single thief, and that a robbery *en masse* would soon be avenged upon the whole nation; but these," continues Mr. Kohl, "are reasons just as valid in Spain or Montenegro, but in neither of those countries could property or money be so exposed without protection!" Surely, this testimony may reflect upon the Indian character some tints of nobility. Mr. Kohl says, "that it is a characteristic, that their wisest, bravest, and strongest chiefs and warriors, are their poorest; there are those among them, who are beheld strutting about in medals, and European presents, but those vain scamps," said a person to Mr. Kohl, "whom you see here parading their silver medals, and other European presents, are not the influential chiefs and great men among the Indians; they ridicule them; the right men conceal themselves, and are worse clothed than others." Something like this we have noticed going on near home; but we would not be understood as attempting to draw a matchless and perfect character, although other traits seem to us of the highest; the power of immensely protracted endurance, almost incredible. The period when the young man passes his novitiate, and goes forth in quest of what he calls his dream of life, led by the eldest of his family, miles away into the depths of the forest, where a bed is arranged amidst the boughs and branches of some red pine, or tall tree; there, during days, three, four, five or six—the period is, we believe,



known to be so incredibly long—he must lie, taking no nourishment, neither eating nor drinking, nor plucking the berries, nor swallowing the rain drops that may fall; it may be in the fierce sharp cold by night, he must be overcome with its ice-drops, and by day with its scorchings; hunger, thirst, all the calls and claims of nature must be overcome, till in this dreamy, half-paralyzed state in which, if the body wakes, the soul is active and free, the dream of the life is attained. Through this, however, multitudes seem to pass, nor is it difficult to see that, if passed, such a fearful novitiate as this must give to the character a texture of immense endurance and strength. In that dream-state, many seem to hover on the confines of the two worlds, but they bring along with them back hints of a wild, beautiful spirit-land, to which they seemed to have travelled; moreover, hunger is one of the evils of life with which they have often, and usually many times in the course of the year, to do battle, and this early training seems to fit them for their life of future endurance. Mr. Kohl testifies how the Indians practice many Christian virtues naturally, hence, they are quite easy to them when converted; that Divine injunction, “take no thought of the morrow,” does not seem so strange to them as to us; a Protestant missionary told Mr. Kohl how, on the borders of Lake Superior, he had noticed this in an old Indian woman whom he had baptized; he found the poor old squaw eating her last meal of maize porridge, she had a little handful left, and she threw it into the pot for the missionary—“Art thou not alarmed,” said he, with some surprise, “at thy solitude and thy empty larder?” “No,” said the old woman, “I always pray well and easily.” “But surely thou art alarmed for to-morrow’s meal?” he said “By no means,” said she, “God always sends me something at the right moment, even if I do not know precisely whence it will come.” True, this was a converted Indian woman, but there is plenty of evidence that this kind of dependence upon the Great Spirit, the Great Father, is the property especially of many of the tribes. It seems, out of such a character and education as we have attempted to briefly hint, that we obtain those myths, fables, and legends, which Mr. Kohl thinks equal to the Arabian Nights; which we have rather likened to some of the stories floating through the old Folk-lore of Germany, and which often, in rich spiritual significance, seem superior to either. The Abbé Domenech gives to us the following

#### LEGEND OF THE MAGIC CIRCLE OF THE PRAIRIES.

One day, whilst in the prairie, the young hunter Algon arrived at a circular pathway, and yet there was not the slightest trace of a foot-

step to be seen on the surrounding ground. This path was even, well beaten, and appeared to have been recently frequented by numerous visitors. Surprised and puzzled by what he saw, he hid himself in the grass to find out the cause of this mystery. After waiting a few minutes in anxious suspense, he fancied he heard melodious music in the air, the sweet sounds of which reached his ears at regular intervals. Amazed, charmed, and with eyes uplifted towards the sky, he stood motionless, listening with still greater attention, and restraining his breath for fear of losing one note of the mellow rich sounds of that distant harmony which enraptured his soul; still he perceived nothing save an extremely vague white speck, like an object too far off to be distinguished. Gradually this speck became more visible, and the music more soft and agreeable, and as it approached the place where he lay concealed, he discovered that what he had at first taken to be a tiny cloud was no less than an osier basket containing twelve young girls of exquisite beauty, each having a sort of little drum, on which she tapped whilst she sang with superhuman grace. The basket descended into the middle of the circle, and the moment it touched the ground, the twelve young girls alighted, and began to dance on the little path, at the same time throwing a ball, which was as brilliant as a diamond, from one to another.

Algon had seen many dances, but none were similar to this one, neither was the music like any he had yet heard; and the beauty of those celestial dancers surpassed all that his imagination could conceive in the regions of the ideal. He greatly admired them all, but being particularly fascinated with the graceful manner and lovely complexion of the youngest, he determined to do all in his power to catch her. To effect this purpose he approached the mysterious circle slowly and cautiously, so as not to be perceived, and was just on the point of taking hold of the object of his choice, when suddenly the twelve young girls sprang into the basket, and ascending rapidly into the air, soon disappeared in the azure of the firmament.

The poor hunter gave way to the deepest despair, as with heartfelt sorrow he beheld the enchanted basket vanish, and from his dazzled eyes gushed forth abundant tears. He cursed his fate, and exclaimed, as he wept: "They are gone for ever, and I shall behold them no more." Algon returned to his cabin, sad and dejected, his mind was absorbed by this extraordinary apparition, so that on the following day he could not resist returning to the prairie near the magic circle, with the hope that his treasure would again be there. He hid himself in the grass as on the preceding day, and lo! scarcely had he taken up his position when he heard the same music, and saw the basket re-descend with the same young maidens, who, as soon as they touched the earth, began to dance as on the previous eve. Then, for the second time, he advanced close to where they were, but the moment they perceived him they jumped into the basket, and were going to recommence their aerial journey, when the eldest said to her sisters: "Stay, let us see, perhaps he wishes to teach us how mortals dance and play on earth?" "Oh! no," replied the youngest, "let us quickly ascend, I

am frightened;" whereupon they all began to sing and started for the otherreal regions.

Algon went home more distracted and crest-fallen than before; to him the night appeared so long, that he returned towards the prairie before daybreak. While he was meditating how he could succeed in his third attempt he found an old trunk of a tree, in which dwelt countless mice; he thought that the sight of so small a creature would cause no suspicion to arise among the young girls, and, thanks to the magic power of his medicine-bag (amulet), he took the form of a mouse, having first used the precaution of bringing the trunk of the tree as close as possible to the circle. The twelve sisters descended from the skies, as they were in the habit of doing, and commenced their accustomed diversions. All of a sudden the youngest said to the others: "Do you see that trunk of a tree? it was not there yesterday." And she ran towards the basket; but her sisters began to laugh, and surrounding the object of her fears, threw it down by way of amusement. All the mice immediately took to flight; but they were pursued and killed, with the exception of Algon, who, retaking his natural form of hunter at the very moment the youngest sister had lifted a stick to strike him, sprang upon his prey, whilst her affrighted companions got into the basket, which carried them up speedily.

The happy Algon wiped away the tears that flowed from the eyes of his conquest; he called her his bride, and sought by every means his heart could suggest to prove his affection for her; he loaded her with the most tender caresses and the most delicate attentions; he recounted his adventures in the chase and his exploits in combat; he conducted her to his cabin, using the precaution of putting aside, during the route, the briars and branches, lest they should knock against, or injure the frail and elegant body of his beloved; and when he reached home he considered himself the most fortunate being on earth. Their marriage was at once celebrated amid every imaginable festivity, and the joy of the gallant hunter was still more increased by the birth of a son. But alas! Algon's young wife being the daughter of a star, the earth was little suited for her celestial nature; her health daily declined, and she wished to see her father once more; yet she carefully concealed her grief and sighs from her spouse, not to afflict his heart, for she loved him dearly.

One day, remembering the charms which could make her return to the skies, and profiting by a hunt in which Algon was engaged, she made a little basket of osier twigs, then gathered all sorts of flowers, caught birds, and collected every curiosity that she thought would please her father, took her son with her, and went to the magic circle; there she got into her basket with all her treasures, and commenced the song she chanted with her sisters in by-gone days, during their mysterious journeys. Immediately the basket rose gently in the air, the balmy breath of the prairies wafted the sweet notes of her celestial voice to the ears of her spouse: that voice and that chant were well-known to him. Foreboding some misfortune, he at once hastened to the magic circle; but alas! he arrived too late; he could only see a

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white speck disappearing in the clouds, and hear a feeble and melodious note dying in space like the last whisper of the breeze, or the last sigh of a babe. Then, with his loudest voice, he called upon his wife and son; all was useless; they were in the region of the stars.

The hunter, in despair, let his head fall upon his breast; burning tears gushed down his cheeks; his grief was secret and silent, but it was terrible and violent, like the subterraneous throes of a volcano that finds no issue to vomit on earth its frightful fires. After two long winters of indescribable anguish, sorrow had at length made the youthful hunter wax old; but his grief did not grow old, it was ever the same.

Meanwhile his lovely companion, returned to the brilliant sphere of the stars, to the bosom of that bliss which she enjoyed in her luminous country, had almost forgotten the unhappy one she had left on earth; but the presence of her son made her remember him. As he grew up he wished to visit the place of his birth. One day the star said to his daughter: "Take thy child and return on earth, ask thy spouse to come with thee and dwell among us, and tell him to bring with him a sample of every animal and every bird he has killed in the chase." Then the mother, taking her son with her, re-descended into the prairie. Algon, who was always near the magic circle, was so overcome when he saw his wife and son returning towards him, that he thought he should have died with joy; his heart beat with impatience, and shortly after he pressed to his breast the cherished objects of his tenderness and love.

According to the wish of the star, he hunted with extraordinary activity, so as to collect within the shortest delay as many presents as possible, he spent his days and his nights seeking the most curious animals, taking the wings of some, the tail of another, the paws of a third, and so forth. When he had made an ample provision he took all his treasures with him, and, in company of his little family, started for the heavens.

This is a specimen of the quite innumerable multitude of legends, which are really remarkable pieces of imagination, such seem to be the things which enter into the texture of the Indian mind and faith; they sing them round their fires; they tell them during the long nights in their rude villages. We do not wonder that beneath the influence of such stories, Mr. Kohl declares, "the hours passed away in such an instructive and pleasant manner, that he did all in his power to lengthen the sittings; that he watched the preparations for putting out the fire with grief, and that at midnight the evening seemed always to him to have been too short." The Abbé Domenech says, "that the whole religion of the Red Indian man is founded on a life beyond that of this world;" what can we expect but that it should be full of impressions to us most incongruous; this, however, may be said of him which we fear cannot be with so much confidence said of us, that

the faith of the Red Indian, in the next world, very materially influences his behaviour in this; to him heaven is undoubtedly a land of promise; fair fields, and distant prairies filled with flowers, and trees, and verdure, a magic realm of health and happiness; while hell, on the contrary, is a cold and solitary region of ice and snow, and hunger and thirst. Far, far off, in the retreating west, lie the happy fields, where the good spirits walk with a firm step, beyond the bridge which spans the torrent, high up among the inaccessible mountains; such is the region of the Chactas. The Delawares fix their heaven, their land of souls, where the good Indians go; in an island of immense extent, and enchanting beauty; there, on the lofty and high mountain, dwells the Great Spirit; from thence he contemplates his vast dominions at a glance, and sees the course of a thousand rivers, clear as crystal, and shining like silver; and shady forests, and fields enamelled with every variation of beauty, shone upon by a sun that never sets, and yet is always mild. Among those beautiful regions, birds of the most beautiful plumage fill the heavens and the woods with sweetest melody; everlasting spring abides there, and all the blessed souls recover perfect health and strength, and never know a malady any more. But it is surrounded—this country of life—by a great and wide sea, and cataracts, and abysses, and tremendous waves. Across this the souls pass to the country of life, and there lie in waiting Wâka-Cheeka, the Evil Spirit, to catch sinful souls. The cowardly, the mean, the fearful and the idle, cannot cross the bridge, they drop into the gulf below. Most likely the following legend is not unknown to our readers, for we think we have seen it in several volumes of such traditions, but it is so charming, so richly simple and natural, that it may well be read again.

“A young Algonquin huntsman, distinguished by his heroic qualities, his manly beauty, and his noble pride, saw his betrothed die on the day he was to have married her. He had given proofs of his impetuous courage in battle, and the warriors of his tribe had admired his intrepidity; but now his heart was without power to endure the cruel loss which he had sustained. Since the fatal day which destroyed his dearest hopes, he knew neither joy nor repose. He often went to visit the cherished tomb, and remained whole days absorbed in his bitter grief. His family and friends urged him to seek a diversion to his sorrow in hunting and war; but his former occupations had lost all attraction, and his tomahawk and arrows were forgotten.

“Having heard the old men of the village say that a path existed which led into the country of souls, he resolved to follow it, and go in search of her whom he mourned. One morning he departed alone, and turned towards the south, guided only by tradition. For a long time

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he perceived no change in the aspect of nature ; the mountains, valleys, forests, and rivers, resembled those which he had traversed near the tombs of his fathers. The day before his departure, a heavy fall of snow had covered the ground, but by degrees, as he advanced, the snow became rarer, and soon disappeared altogether ; the trees became green, the forests gay and smiling, the air warm and pure, and the cloudless sky resembled a vast blue prairie suspended over his head ; delicious flowers perfumed the air, and the birds sang their most melodious songs. By these signs, the mourner knew that he was on the right road, for they were in accordance with the tradition. At last, meeting with a pleasing path, he followed it, and after having crossed a pretty wood, he found himself before a cabin situated on the top of a hill.

"At the door of this dwelling stood an old man with white hair, whose eyes, though sunken, shone like fire. He was clothed in a mantle of swan's skin, negligently thrown over his shoulders, and in his hand he held a long stick.

"The young huntsman began to relate his history, but before he had uttered ten words, he was interrupted by the old man, who said : 'I was waiting for you, to introduce you into my cabin. She whom you seek passed a few days since, and as she was fatigued by her journey, she rested in my dwelling. Come in, sit down, and I will point out to you the road you must follow to find your bride.' When the young warrior had recovered from his fatigue, the old man led him out of the cabin by another door, and said to him : 'Do you see yonder, far away beyond that gulf, a great prairie ? That is the island of the blessed ; you are here on its confines, and my cabin is the entrance to it ; but before departing you must leave here your arms, your dog, and your body. On your return you will find them again here.'

"The traveller felt himself become extraordinarily light ; his feet scarcely touched the ground, and seemed to be transformed into wings. This sudden transformation seemed to extend to surrounding objects ; the trees, foliage, flowers, lakes, and streams shone with extraordinary brilliancy. The wild animals gambolled around him with a fearlessness, which proved that the hunter had never come into these countries. Birds of all colours sang melodies unknown to him, or bathed in the limpid water of the lakes and rivers. But what astonished him more than all was to find that he walked freely through the thickets of verdure, without being stopped by the objects that stood in his path. Then he understood that all the things he saw were images, shadows of the material world, and that he was in the abode of spirits.

"After having walked half a day in this enchanted region, he arrived on the banks of an immense lake, in the midst of which he saw the Island of the Blessed. A canoe, made of a single white stone, and as brilliant as crystal, was moored to the shore ; he threw himself into it, and seizing the oars, which were also of fine crystallized stone, he began rowing towards the island ; but what was his joy when suddenly he saw his young and beautiful bride enter a bark like his own, imitate all his movements, and row alongside of him ! As they advanced,



the waves arose threatening and foaming, as if to swallow up the two voyagers; then they vanished again, to form anew as menacing as before. The two lovers passed through continual alternations of hope and fear, and their terror was increased on seeing through the transparent water that the bottom of the lake was strewn with the bones of multitudes who had been shipwrecked on the same voyage.

"The Master of Life had, however, decreed that they should arrive without accident, because the thoughts and actions of both had always been good, and they had lived in innocence. But they beheld many others, less happy than themselves, struggle in vain against the waves, and sink in the abyss. Men and women of all ranks and all ages embarked; some reached the port without difficulty, others perished on the way.

"At last the betrothed set foot on the shore of the happy island. They breathed with delight the perfumed air, which strengthened them like celestial food. They walked together in meadows, always green and filled with flowers, which did not fade when trodden on. All nature in this enchanted island had been planned by the Great Spirit to charm the innocent souls who were to be its inhabitants. Cold, heat, tempest, snow, hunger, tears, war, and death were here unknown. Animals were hunted for amusement, but were not killed. Our young warrior would have remained eternally in this happy land with his betrothed, had not the Master of Life commanded him to return to his country to finish his mortal career. He did not see him who spoke, but heard a voice like the sweet murmur of the breeze, which said to him: 'Return to your native land whence you came. The time has not yet arrived for you to dwell in this blessed abode. The duties for which I created you are not yet fulfilled. Return, and give to your people the example of a virtuous life. You will be the chief of your tribe for a long time. Your duties will be taught you by the messenger who guards the entrance of this island. He will restore to you your body and all you left in his cabin. Listen to him, and you shall return one day to join the spirit you came to see, and whom you are obliged to leave behind. She is accepted, and here will remain, always young, and happier than when I called her from the land of snow.'"

In this way, the religion of these people floats like a presence apprehended by them among their tribes, from generation to generation; it forms no system of doctrine; but Mr. Catlin especially maintains, that among the tribes with whom he held intercourse so long, he beheld peace, happiness and quiet, for which kings and emperors might envy them; almost reigning supreme. He is by no means insensible to what Christianity would do for them; on the contrary, he implores missionaries to visit them, dispel their superstitions, and to seek to impart to them a purer and sounder faith, but he thinks morality and virtue the civilized world need not undertake to teach them. He main-

tains that the red man is everywhere in his native state, a highly moral and religious being; himself a cultivated man, he declares that he has formed among them warm and endearing attachments, which he does not wish to forget, and that he has seen rights and virtue protected, and wrongs redressed, and the most simple and beautiful illustrations of conjugal, paternal, and filial affection. Such are some of the traits which reach us of a fine character, whose extinction we must regret, and who, amidst superstitions and follies of the most revolting description, frequently do, nevertheless, exhibit traces of a natural nobility, contrasting in a very striking manner with many of those human developments which are the properties of people who are supposed to stand much higher in the scale of civilisation. The anecdotes, illustrative of Indian character are so numerous, and striking, that collected they would form a most interesting volume. A Pawnee, a brave man, the son of an Old Knife, or Pawnee chief, had by his singular bravery gained for himself the reputation of great courage, but at last, by an act of audacious daring, he put an end to the barbarous custom of burning prisoners to death. A young woman of the Cadouca nation, was destined to suffer the horrible fate of a prisoner. She was tied to the stake, or rather gibbet, in the presence of the whole tribe assembled to behold the horrible scene, when, just as the fire was about to be put to the faggots, the young warrior, who had prepared unobserved two strong and swift horses with provisions for a long journey, broke through the circle of the astonished crowd, delivered the poor girl, mounted her and himself on the two horses, and dashed off through the forest, leaving the spectators thunderstruck at the bold, unprecedented action; three days they travelled rapidly through the deserts towards her own country, then he made her a present of the horse on which she rode, gave her provisions that she might regain her village without suffering from fatigue or hunger; and took his leave. He was so brave and popular, that when he returned to his camp, no one ventured to call him to account for his act; it was regarded as an inspiration of the Great Spirit, and from that time the Pawnees ceased to offer up human sacrifices.

This story became known at Washington, and made a deep impression on the young ladies and young girls of a boarding-school, who resolved to raise a subscription amongst the members of the establishment, and with the sum thus collected to send a commemoration gift to the son of the Old Knife, as a token of their admiration for his noble conduct. They consequently had a silver medal struck, with an appropriate inscription, which was sent to the brave Pawnee, with the following letter:—

"Brother,—Accept this mark of our esteem. Wear it always in remembrance of us; and if thou shouldst have the power to save a poor woman from tortures and death, in the name of this souvenir fly to her rescue, and restore her to life and liberty."

To this letter the warrior made an answer, which, literally translated, ran thus:—

"Brothers and sisters,—Your medal will give me more courage than I ever had, and I will listen to white people more than I have hitherto done. I am glad that my brothers and sisters have seen my good deed. They think I acted in ignorance; but now I know what I have done. I acted in ignorance, not knowing that it was a good action; but the medal teaches me that I have done well."

The letter of the young Indian has always struck us as one of the most illustrative marks of the character of the red man, in its simple confession of unconsciousness. A grand unconsciousness seems to pervade the life of the red man, and it may be questioned whether the character is likely to be improved when, in the language of the young warrior, he comes to know what he has done. This nobility of impulse on all testimonies, seems to live in the wigwam of the red man; it gives purity and grandeur to his faith, it clothes his intercourse with other men in a radiant hospitality, and lends to his speech that which proverbially belongs to him, a strain of magnificent eloquence and poetry. Queer fellows, too. We are afraid to begin the recitation of anecdotes where such multitudes visit the memory. Mr. Kohl, we know, was often with them when they told their war stories—figure one rising in the circle with a long rattlesnake's-skin round his head, leaning on his lance:—once, said he, "We Ojibbeways set out against the Sioux, we were one hundred; one of ours, a courageous man, a man of the right stamp, impatient for distinction, separated from the others, and crept onward into the enemies' country; the man discovered part of the foe, two men, two women, and three children; he crept round them like a wolf; he crawled up to them like a snake; he fell upon them like lightning; he cut down the two men and scalped them; the screaming women and children he seized by the arm, and threw them, as his prisoners, to his friends, who had hastened up at his war-yell; and this lightning, this snake, this wolf, this man, my friends, was—I. I have spoken." Queer fellows, we have said, we read of one a Sioux warrior, fighting with the Blackfeet; he sunk on his knees and let his weapons fall, they rushed upon him, brandishing their knives, for the purpose of killing him. "Stay," he shouted; "wait an instant before you kill me, I have something to say to you; you do not know yet who I am; listen, you have made a good capture. I have spent my whole life in fighting against



"you." Then he told them he was the celebrated so and so; he reminded them of all the forays he had made into their country, and described the innumerable occasions in which he, with his brother Sioux, had scalped or killed their people. The Blackfeet gathered round him a listening group, all ears, leaning on their knives and hatchets, quite forgetting the fight, he had been watching his opportunity, and ended his narrative, "Ah, see," he exclaimed, "now you have me, now I must sing my death-song. I am wandering along the dark to the west, but I'll take some of you with me as company and attendance." With a wild yell he sprung up, seized a weapon, cut frantically around him, and killed and wounded several before the Blackfeet could recover their surprise and cut him to pieces. Such craft and courage could only excite the admiration of the Blackfeet who, whenever they recited the story by their village fires, honoured him as a genuine brave. Plenty of secretiveness they seem to possess; we have sometimes wondered if they possess humour of character, very few instances are given; but we have before us a magnificent speech, heard by Mr. Kohl, from a great chief, full of stately eloquence and splendid sarcasm, against the whites, but the peroration is of the queerest. "Now," said the orator, "I will sit down, for I am not accustomed to wear these breeches which have been given to me; I will stand no longer in them; they annoy me, hence I will cease to speak and sit down;" and with this most comical turn, to what is really a most eloquent discourse, amidst the applauding laughter of the whole assembly, he sat down on the grass. But all the traits of Indian life, are neither admirable nor amiable. Mr. Catlin, whose notes abound in intimations of his ardent affection for his Indian friends, contain also the strongest illustrations of manners and customs, far from beautiful; and these, even in the tribe which is perhaps farthest advanced—those who are called the hospitable and polished Mandans—such civilisation as the red man has reached, seems to be at its climax among them. Rain-makers are a faculty not indigenous to Red Indian soil; we have met with them in Africa, and we know the extent to which they flourish in China. In the season of drought the famous medicine-men go through marvellous freaks, well-calculated to provoke amazing laughter. Mr. Catlin beheld several of these extraordinary exploits, but one especially in which Wak-ha-dah-ha-hee was the principal performer; rain-makers never fail to succeed, for when once they begin their ceremonies, they never stop till the rain begins to fall; a second circumstance, which adds to their fame is, that he who has once made it rain, never attempts it again. The pantomimics of Wak-ha-dah-hee were especially remarkable, for while

he was firing his arrow off into the clouds, and promising abundance of water from the skies, two things happened; first, a vessel came up the river, firing her salute. "Ah, my friends," said the rain-maker, "my medicine is great, I have bought a "thunder-boat." He continued his vaunts and threats from his high place, and truly his predictions were fulfilled; in a few moments the cloud was over the village, and the rain fell in torrents. As Mr. Catlin says, it was a memorable sight; black thunder roared, and livid lightning flashed, and in a moment of consternation a flash struck one of the Mandan lodges, and killed a beautiful girl; he was rather alarmed lest his fame should be held from him; he ascended the medicine-lodge the next morning, and exclaimed, "My friends, my medicine you see is great, it is "too great; I am too young, and I was too fast; I knew not when "to stop; the wigwam of Mah-sihsh is laid low, and many are "the eyes that weep for Kokai, the antelope. Wak-ha-dah-hee "gives three horses to gladden the hearts of those who weep for "Raakai; his medicine was great, his arrow pierced the black "cloud, and the lightning came, and the thunder-boat also; who "say that the medicine of Wak-ha-dah-hee is not strong?" A unanimous shout of approbation ran through the crowd, and the hair of the White Buffalo, by which epithet he was distinguished before, was changed to the more familiar and honourable appellation of the Big Double Medicine. The more horrible repulsive, because not ludicrous, but simply dreadful, is the account of that great annual religious ceremony among the Mandans, requisite for the youths who wished to be numbered among the braves; and who, after long days of fasting and watching, go through a course of torture, the half which it has been truly said, no European could survive, and which transcend the doings of the Inquisition; but the extremity tests the young Mandan's endurance, and fits him for those long courses of suffering and toil which form the red man's ideal. Mr. Catlin dilates at great length upon the whole course of the horrors as they were beheld by him; those who will not submit themselves to the tests of such ambition, are usually looked upon with contempt, and are called dandies; of course, those who submit themselves are regarded with proportionate honours. The customs are, in many instances, cruel and absurd, but perhaps, with few exceptions, they have not the ordinary degradation which so marks the savagery of heathenism. Heathenism seldom seems an interesting aspect of human history, and the reflection, no doubt, often occurs, even in reading those annals of adventure which seem most delightful. How different all this would be, were we compelled to live with these people, and such probably would be our feeling, were we compelled to some years

of residence among the tribes of those desert prairies. Yet again, it seems as if nothing can rob them of their strange interest; but the interest, no doubt, grows, especially as we think of them amidst their scenes of surpassing grandeur, their rich religious traditions, and their customs growing out of their religious conceptions and thoughts. What a usage that is they have with reference to the dead; the Chinooks on the banks of the Oregon, wrap the bodies of their dead in skins, bind their eyes, and place on them the most beautiful clothes, then set them on board a canoe, to drift a floating tomb, as the wind and the wave may carry it, out to the bosom of the great Pacific. Caressed by the evening and the morning breeze, insensible to the ears of the dead, it sails out into the far infinite, the mysterious voices of nature bearing the hymns and the sighs, grief sinks after the beloved one; or where the village is too far removed from the lake, the river, or the sea, the funeral canoe is attached, and aerial tomb to the branches of the loftiest trees, some favourite spot is selected in a solitary and wooded island, or sometimes the floating sepulture is moored in a little bay beneath the overhanging foliage, and dome of protecting trees. The red man likes to think that the birds of the wilderness alight on these funeral canoes. To him each song of a bird, or melody of wailing wind, is a melodious prayer; the funeral rites of the red man, are among those traces of natural moral sublimity, to which we have referred. Sometimes the deep forest becomes a cemetery; to those branches, the red man carries his dead, there, by the fisherman, lie the oar and the net; or, if amidst the great prairies, the lance, the bow, and often the war-horse of the hunter: reverence for the dead, is amongst the most observed of customs and traditions, and the Abbé Domenech, tells how often, on the shores of the limpid lakes, or on the banks of the swollen rivers and solitary streams, or in the midst of primæval forests, or on the summits of hills and mountains, if there are tombs, men and women are seen at dawn, or at dusk, pouring out their lamentations, and weeping by the inanimate remains of the loved ones who are no more. A great number of topics occur to our observation in connection with the subject of the red man, upon which it is quite impossible at present to remark,—his ethnological relation with the great families of other continents, the music, dances, and songs, which enliven his villages; his various forms of picture-writing, his traditions, which of course occupy the place of books, and make up a kind of oral literature, for the amusement and excitement of the circle, during the long winter evenings, often recited in a kind of poetry, of pure naked thought, unadorned by rhyme or metre, and this furnishes one of the most interesting claims they



have upon any kind of literary regard; in many of these, their religious systems, shine forth, singularly illustrating primitive ideas and theologies. The poem of "Hiawatha" is founded on one of the most interesting and famous of such traditions; and if they could be collected, they would form one of the most singular embodiments of mythology any nation or age has given to us; such are the Wyandot traditions of the creation; the story, coming from very ancient times, of the way in which God created the two great brothers, Good and Evil, and how they set out upon their travels, and what they saw, and what they did. Sometimes, these traditions seems to be decidedly allegorical, and almost compel to the belief, that they are the product of a later, and more conventional age, like the tradition Moowis. A young Indian, in ancient times, loved a very beautiful girl, but she was a coquette, and his love was not returned, whereupon, the distracted lover, being possessed of great power through his spirit, in order to punish and humiliate the young girl, gathered all the rags in the camp, and with snow and bones, he made a man out of them, then he dressed him up in fine beads and feathers, and put a bow and arrow in his hand, and called him Moowis, and he introduced him to the young girl, and she fell in love with Moowis, and they were married, but when they set off upon their travels, she found her husband gradually fell to pieces, first fell off the finery, then tumbled to pieces the rags and the bones, and the snow melted, and she found she had married nothing; and the young Indian girls have a song, to be heard often in Indian villages, "Moowis, Moowis, whither art thou gone?" We may suppose this to be the production of some ancient satiric Indian Thackeray. Some of the traditions have an exceeding wild and pictorial beauty, such as the White Stone Canoe, and Wasbashas, or the tribe that grew out of a shell, and the tradition of the Lone lightning; others are of a more simple and domestic character; and the principle of allegory seems to pervade many of them, in a singular manner; thus in the theogony of the Pottowatomies, we read,

When Kitchemonedo created the world, he filled it with beings resembling men, but perverse and wicked, who never raised their eyes to heaven in gratitude for the benefits showered on them. On beholding this ingratitude, Kitchemonedo plunged the whole world into an immense lake, and all its inhabitants were drowned. When his wrath was appeased, he withdrew the world from the waters, and created a young man of great beauty, who became very sad on finding himself quite alone. Kitchemonedo, moved by his sadness, sent him a sister to charm his solitude and be his companion.

After many years of happiness and innocence, the young man had

a dream which he communicated to his sister. "Five strangers," he said, "will come to-night and knock at the cabin to see you. The Great Spirit forbids you to smile or even look at the first four, but you may speak to the fifth, and show him that his arrival gives you pleasure." The young girl followed the advice of her brother. The first stranger who presented himself was Usama (tobacco); not receiving any answer, he fell to the ground and died of grief. The second, Wapako (pumpkin) met the same fate, which was also shared by two others, Eshkossinien (water-melon) and Kokies (bean). But when Taaman (maize) arrived, the young girl opened her door, began to laugh, and received the stranger affectionately, and married him soon afterwards. Usama, Wahako, Eshkossinien, and Kokies were buried, and on their tombs grew tobacco, pumpkins, melons, and beans, in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of the new-married couple. From this marriage sprang all the Indians of North America. It was thus that the Great Spirit, after having created man, supplied him with the means of smoking in honour of the Manitoos, and of varying his food by taking the flesh of wild animals and excellent vegetables in turns.

We have attempted to select some paragraphs and traits of this extraordinary character, likely to interest our readers, leaving still nearly all unsaid; but the volumes we have referred to, and innumerable others, show to us how varied such existence seemed to the men, who found the Indian life as it passed before them far from monotonous; indeed the Indian seems to be equally at home, listlessly smoking at the door of his wigwam, watching the fantastic clouds, listening to the strange melodies blowing through the leaves of the virgin forests, and listening to the legend or the chat, or leading the life of earnest action in the hunting-fields, or war-grounds; though he does not seem to be a wanderer by nature, but by necessity, and would never leave his tent of buffalo-skins, and bark of trees, were he not pushed forth by his conquerors. We have innumerable anecdotes to show that with all he is a shrewd man; a merchant sold to an Indian a certain quantity of powder, assuring him it would grow like wheat, the Indian not suspecting any deception, sowed the precious seed with especial care, and soon found out the trick that had been played upon him; he came back to the merchant, and took from him on credit an immense quantity of goods, which he carried off to his village; time for settling accounts arrived, the merchant not imagining that he had been duped, in his turn went to ask the Indian for payment for his goods. "I will pay you," said the Indian, "as soon as the powder you sold me begins to grow;" but with stories like these we could fill, not merely our whole review but volumes, and our object only has been to point out to the attention of our readers the

immense field of interest in the Folk-lore of the red man, perhaps of all Folk-lore most really deserving the name, because purely oral and traditional.

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III.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF MRS. SOUTHEY.\*

WE were very glad to receive this pretty compendious and complete edition of the poems of one now no longer with us, but among whose verses are to be found some of the sweetest of our little natural gems of poetry; never we believe very well known, or claiming any high immortal place in our language, they must be spoken of very respectfully and affectionately; for they not only have the stamp of perfect reality, but they abound in those sweet, simple tones of expression, which often, in fitting moods of the heart, brings the tear to the eye. We are surprised they have not been collected and published before; of their amiable and excellent author very little is known, and some little sketch of her life might have been most acceptably prefaced to this volume; she was, we believe, the daughter of a poet, famous in his day, though not, we think, worthy of the abiding regard due to the author of this volume. And very late in life she married, principally we believe, that she might minister to his comfort, and watch over him with tender and affectionate solicitude—Robert Southey. He was sixty-five when they married in June, 1839; but there had been between them a very close friendship for twenty years; and, in dedicating a volume of poems to her, ten years before, he addressed the following lines to her, which in those we have *italicised*, seem to tremble almost with an undefined prophecy or presentiment.

“ Could I look forward to a distant day,  
With hope of building some elaborate lay,  
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine  
Might bear inscribed thy name, O Caroline!

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\* *The Poetical Works of Caroline Bowles Southey.* William Blackwood, and Sons.



For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,  
 Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.  
*But we have both been taught to feel and fear*  
*How frail the tenure of existence here ;*  
*What unforeseen calamities prevent,*  
 Alas, how often ! the best-resolved intent ;  
 And therefore this poor volume I address  
 To thee, dear friend, and sister poetess."

The poems of Mrs. Southey demand no great stretch of thought, and abound in no bold ventures of the imagination; they would not, we suppose, be equal to the ambitions of most of those readers who measure the worth of all poetry by its relation to the peculiar moods and excitements of mind; in more recent times, they are simple domestic verses, but no verses can be farther removed from the region of mere common-place; common as human feelings are, in their expression, many of them have all the effects of furnished art, they are artlessly simple; sometimes she wrote pieces, cheerful and even humorous, but her humour was usually rather that of tenderness and tearfulness than of laughter; a touching pathos, putting the finger readily upon the valve of common feeling; feeling, we may suppose to be the property of all the generations, and of all places, but which we seem especially to associate with village life and scenes, and a past generation, such is *The Birthday*, the longest, and quite the most considerable, in point of ambition and effort, she attempted; but far from being the poem by which she most claims such remarks as those by which we have characterized her. *The Birthday* gives her the opportunity of discoursing upon all the things and circumstances, the books and occupations of her old childhood's home; thus, for instance, the

## THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

LONG did I meditate—yea, often dream  
 By day and night, at school-time and at play—  
 Alas ! at holiest seasons, even at church  
 The vision haunted me,—of that rare thing,  
 And his surpassing happiness to whom  
 Fate should assign its fellow. Thereupon  
 Sprang up crude notions, vague incipient schemes  
 Of future independence : Not like those  
 Fermenting in the youthful brain of her  
 Maternally, on fashionable system,  
 Train'd up betimes i' the way that she should go  
 To the one great end—a good establishment.  
 Yet similar in *some sort* were our views  
 Toward contingent power. "When I'm a woman

I'll have" quoth I,—so far the *will* and *when*  
 Tallied exactly, but our difference lay  
 Touching the end to be achieved. With me,  
*Not* settlements, and pin-money, and spouse  
 Appendant, but in unnumber'd right  
 Of womanhood—a *house and cuckoo-clock* !  
 Hark ! as I hang reflective o'er my task,  
 The pen fresh nibb'd and full, held idly yet ;  
 What sound comes clicking through the half-closed door,  
 Distinct, monotonous ?—"Tis even so ;  
 Years past, the pledge (self-plighted) was redeem'd ;  
 There hangs with its companionable voice  
*The cuckoo-clock in this mine house.*—Ay, *mine* ;  
 But left unto me desolate. Such end  
 Crowns oft Ambition's most successful aim  
 (Success than disappointment more defeating) ;  
 Passionate longing grasps the ripened fruit  
 And finds it marr'd, a canker at the core :  
 What shall I dare desire of earthly good  
 The seeming greatest : what in prayer implore  
 Or deprecate, of that my secret soul  
 In fondness and in weakness covets most  
 Or deepest dreads, but with the crowning clause,  
 The sanctifying—"Lord ! Thy will be done !"

Thus a little thing, and innocent fancy becomes to her a poem ;  
 but it is by her shorter pieces she always has been, and still will be,  
 best known, and these are inveined with a delicate religious sensi-  
 bility, a soft gentle heaving faith : in none of her feelings or expres-  
 sions is there any thing loud or exciting ; her verses are far removed  
 from all effort, from all noise. Those entitled "Sufficient unto  
 the day is the evil thereof," quite realize this ; throughout their  
 pathetic subdued wail of faith, there seems to run a sense as of  
 a life disappointed, but resigned, cast down, but believing ; it  
 is too long to quote, but the following verses convey much of  
 the whole poem.

Years rapidly shift on,  
 (Like clouds athwart the sky,)  
 And, lo ! sad watch we keep,  
 When in perturbed sleep,  
 The sick doth lie.

We gaze on some pale face,  
 Shown by the dim watch-light ;  
 Shuddering we gaze, and pray,  
 And weep—and wish away  
 The long, long night.

And yet minutest things,  
 That mark time's tedious tread,  
 Are on the feverish brain,  
 With self-protracting pain,  
 Deep minuted.

The drops, with trembling hand,  
    (Love steadied,) pour'd out;—  
The draught replenished,—  
The label, oft re-read  
    With nervous doubt.

The watch, that ticks so loud;  
    The winding it, for one  
Whose hand lies powerless;  
And then, the fearful guess,—  
    *"Ere this hath run . . ."*

The shutter, half-unclosed  
    As the night wears away:  
Ere the last stars are set—  
Pale stars!—that linger yet,  
    Till perfect day.

The morn, so oft invoked,  
    That bringeth no relief;  
From which, with sickening sight,  
We turn, as if its light  
    But mock'd our grief.

Oh, never, after-dawn,;  
    For us the east shall streak;  
But we shall see agen,  
With the same thoughts as then,  
    That pale day-break.

The desolate awakening,  
    When first we feel alone!  
"Dread memories" are these!—  
Yet who, for heartless ease,  
    Would exchange one?

These are the soul's hid wealth—  
    Relics, embalm'd with tears.—  
Or if her curious eye  
Searcheth futurity,—  
    The depth of years,—

There (from the deck of youth)  
    Enchanted land she sees;  
Blue skies, and sun-bright bowers,  
Reflected, and tall towers,  
    On glassy seas.

But heavy clouds collect  
    Over that bright blue sky;  
And rough winds rend the trees,  
And lash those glassy seas  
    To billows high!



And then, the last thing seen  
 By that dim light, may be  
 (With helm and rudder lost)  
 A lone wreck, tempest-tost,  
 On the dark sea!—

Thus doth the soul extend  
 Her brief existence *here*,  
 Thus multiplieth she,  
 (Yea, to infinity!)  
 The short career.

Presumptuous and unwise!  
 As if the present sum  
 Were little of life's woe!—  
 Why seeketh she to know  
 Ills yet to come?

Look up, look up, my soul,  
 To loftier mysteries;  
 Trust in His word to thee,  
 Who saith, "All tears shall be  
 Wiped from all eyes."

In the same vein (her tone of verse is always the same), is a piece, which has seemed to us a fine simple piece of real pathos, is that

ON THE REMOVAL OF SOME FAMILY PORTRAITS.

SILENT friends! fare ye well—shadows! adieu.  
 Living friends long I've lost, now I lose you.

Bitter tears many I've shed, ye've seen them flow;  
 Dreary hours many I've sped, full well ye know.

Yet in my loneliness, kindly, methought,  
 Still ye look'd down on me, mocking me not,

With light speech and hollow words, grating so sore  
 The sad heart, with many ills sick to the core.

Then, if my clouded skies brightened awhile,  
 Seem'd your soft serious eyes almost to smile.

Silent friends! fare ye well—shadows! adieu.  
 Living friends long I've lost, now I lose you.

Taken from hearth and board, when all were gone;  
 I look'd up at you, and felt not quite alone.

Not quite companionless, while in each face  
 Met me familiar the stamp of my race.

Thine, gentle ancestress! dove-eyed and fair,  
 Melting in sympathy oft for my care.

So  
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 Rain  
 One  
 altho  
 orde

Grim Knight and stern-visaged ! yet could I see  
(Smoothing that furrow'd face) good-will to me.

Bland looks were beaming upon me I knew,  
Fair sir !—bonnie lady !—from you, and from you.

Little think happy ones, heart-circled round,  
How fast to senseless things hearts may be bound ;

How, when the living prop's moulder'd and gone,  
Heart-strings, low trailing left, clasp the cold stone.

Silent friends ! fare ye well—shadows ! adieu.  
Living friends long I've lost, now I lose you.

Often, when spirit-vex'd, weary and worn,  
To your quiet faces, mute friends, would I turn.

Soft as I gazed on them, soothing as balm,  
Lulling the passion-storm, stole your deep calm—

Till, as I longer look'd, surely methought,  
Ye read and replied to my questioning thought.

" Daughter," ye softly said—" peace to thine heart :  
We too—yes, daughter ! have been as thou art,

" Toss'd on the troubled waves, life's stormy sea ;  
Chance and change manifold proving like thee.

" Hope-lifted—doubt-depressed—seeing in part—  
Tried—troubled—tempted—*sustained* as thou art—

" *Our God is thy God*—what He willeth is best—  
Trust Him as we trusted : then rest, as we rest."

Silent friends ! fare ye well—shadows ! adieu—  
*One Friend* abideth still *all* changes through.

Some of her verses are to be found in most popular selections from English poets, and as long as true tenderness and pathetic taste can be appreciated, so long such pieces as the ' Pauper's Death-bed,' "The Death of the Flowers," the "Gracious Rain," and others like them, will find a place in such selections. One of her pieces has been found in many collections of hymns; although sacred and true as it is, it scarcely belongs to that order of composition. It is a nervously-written piece.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner !  
Christian ! God speed thee !—  
Let loose the rudder bands—  
Good angels lead thee—

Set thy sails warily,  
 Tempests will come—  
 Steer thy course steadily,  
 Christian! steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,  
 Breakers are round thee—  
 Let fall the plummet now,  
 Shallows may ground thee.  
 Reef in the foresail, there!—  
 Hold the helm fast!—  
 So—let the vessel wear—  
 There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman?  
 What of the night?”  
 —“Cloudy—all quiet—  
 No land yet—all’s right!”  
 Be wakeful—be vigilant—  
 Danger may be  
 At an hour when all seemeth  
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?  
 Clear out the hold—  
 Hoist up thy merchandise—  
 Heave out thy gold;—  
 There—let the ingots go—  
 Now the ship rights—  
 Hurrah! the harbour’s near—  
 Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet  
 At inland or island;  
 Straight for the beacon steer,  
 Straight for the high land—  
 Crowd all thy canvass on,  
 Cut through the foam—  
 Christian! cast anchor now—  
 Heaven is thy home!

One other piece has always been a great favourite with us, she calls it “Once upon a Time,” we will rather take the liberty of calling it “Lines on the First Grey Hair”—

SUNNY locks of brightest hue  
 Once around my temples grew,—  
 Laugh not, Lady! for ’tis true;  
 Laugh not, Lady! for with thee  
 Time may deal despitefully:  
 Time, if long he lead thee here,  
 May subdue that mirthful cheer;  
 Round those laughing lips and eyes



Time may write sad histories ;  
Deep indent that even brow,  
Change those locks, so sunny now,  
To as dark and dull a shade,  
As on mine his touch hath laid.  
Lady ! yes, these locks of mine  
Cluster'd once with golden shine,  
Temples, neck, and shoulders round,  
Richly gushing if unbound,  
If from band and bodkin free,  
Wellnigh downward to the knee,  
Some there were took fond delight,  
Sporting with those tresses bright,  
To enring with living gold  
Fingers, now beneath the mould  
(Woe is me) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smooth'd them too  
Since they lost the sunny hue,  
Since their bright abundance fell  
Under the destroying spell—  
One dear hand ! the tenderest  
Ever nurse-child rock'd to rest,  
Ever wiped away its tears—  
Even those of later years.  
From a cheek untimely hollow,  
Bitter drops that still may follow,  
Where's the hand will wipe away ?  
Hers I kiss'd—(Ah ! dismal day)  
Pale as on the shroud it lay.  
*Then*, methought, youth's latest gleam  
Departed from me like a dream—  
Still, though lost their sunny tone,  
Glossy brown those tresses shone,  
Here and there, in wave and ring,  
Golden threads still glittering ;  
And (from band and bodkin free)  
Still they flowed luxuriantly.

Careful days, and wakeful nights,  
Early trench'd on young delights.  
Then of ills an endless train,  
Wasting languor, wearying pain,  
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,  
Crowding all on summer's prime,  
Made me old before my time.  
So a dull, unlovely hue  
O'er the sunny tresses grew,  
Thinn'd their rich abundance too,  
Not a thread of golden light  
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again a shining streak  
'Gins the dusky cloud to break ;—  
Here and there a glittering thread

Lights the ringlets, dark and dead,—  
 Glittering light!—but pale and cold—  
 Glittering thread!—but *not* of gold.

Silent warning! silvery streak!  
 Not unheeded dost thou speak.  
 Not with feelings light and vain—  
 Not with fond regretful pain,  
 Look I on the token sent  
 To declare the day far spent;—  
 Dark and troubled hath it been—  
 Sore misused! and yet between  
 Gracious gleams of peace and grace  
 Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light!  
 Fast approach the shades of night,—  
 When they quite enclose me round,  
 May my lamp be burning found!

We have felt pleasure in introducing, by the opportunity given to us through this new edition, these beautiful verses of this accomplished, but not very well known writer. We believe she wrote but little; most of her pieces first found a place in *Blackwood's Magazine*. There, her "Chapter on Churchyards," which are still known and read, first appeared. As to her poems, they dropped from her pen evidently under no strong pressure of circumstance or feeling, they all seem to tell the story of a very quiet, self-restrained, and self-contained nature. They aim at no great teaching, describe no great pathways or circuits of thought; they are like the dear little portraits in a household room, every one having its own personal memory and story. Our age has become so exciting, and in the necessities laid upon it so sensational, even among the things of the mind and heart, that it is impatient of such little offerings as these; but such verses are sometimes like a draught of simple, fresh, living water, well calculated to allay the fever which the fiery wine only excites. We have become ungrateful to this order of still and quiet hearts, nor can it be forgotten while we read that it is almost impossible to write thus, however assuredly we may feel thus, when the severity, pressure, and stress of time and effort are laid upon the spirit. We should have lost Wordsworth altogether, and all his subtle insight into the moral significance into material things, and all his influence upon his age, had he been compelled to live the life of an editor, journalist, or clergyman. But if there are rivers bearing down boats and vessels to the distant haven on the sea, there are also still village brooks and lone, unfrequented mountain tarns, and a visit to them is

as healthful to the spirit as a walk upon the banks of the broad, deep, active waters. Caroline Southey's poetry is strictly the poetry of contemplation, and we have not said that is contemplation striking to any very great depths, or answering any great secrets of the human spirit. All very much like her well-known little verselets, entitled—

## THE RIVER.

RIVER! River! little River!  
Bright you sparkle on your way,  
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,  
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,  
Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!  
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—  
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping  
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,  
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!  
Broad and deep and *still* as Time,  
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,  
Tending onward to the ocean,  
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!  
Swifter now you slip away;  
Swift and silent as an arrow,  
Through a channel dark and narrow,  
Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!  
Down you dash into the sea;  
Sea, that line hath never sounded,  
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,  
Like eternity.

So, among quiet flowers and common things, her mind moved, extracting for itself its lessons; birds, and fields, and stray proverbial passing expressions gave her the suggestions which are now reprinted in these pages. Sometimes, of course, it is in the nature of such thought to express itself in words which look like a mere common sentiment, yet the reality of her own life must save her, we think, from such a charge even in such verses as the following:—

## TO DEATH.

COME not in terrors clad to claim,  
An unresisting prey—



Come like an evening shadow, Death !  
 So stealthily ! so silently :  
 And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath—  
 Then willingly—oh ! willingly  
 With thee I'll go away.

[ What need to clutch with iron grasp  
 What gentlest touch may take ?  
 What need, with aspect dark, to scare  
 So awfully—so terribly,  
 The weary soul would hardly care,  
 Called quietly, called tenderly,  
 From thy dread power to break ?

'Tis not as when thou markest out  
 The young—the blest—the gay ;  
 The loved, the loving ; they who dream  
 So happily, so hopefully ;  
 Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,  
 And shrinkingly—reluctantly  
 The summoned may obey.

But I have drank enough of life  
 (The cup assigned to me  
 Dashed with a little sweet at best,  
 So scantily—so scantily)—  
 To know full well that all the rest,  
 More bitterly—more bitterly  
 Drugged to the last will be :—

And I may live to pain some heart  
 That kindly cares for me—  
 To pain, but not to bless. O Death !  
 Come quietly—come lovingly,  
 And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath ;  
 Then willingly—oh ! willingly  
 With thee I'll go away.

The publishers, in giving to us this little reprint, have fulfilled a wish we have often expressed.

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## IV.

## THE SECOND SERIES OF ULTRAMONTANE ESSAYS.\*

WE more than once called our readers' attention, and found ourselves in difficulties with several of the authors in doing so, to the first series of these essays, in which the wildest Romanists of our country and time put forth their thoughts and theories; the interest of this volume strikes us as immeasurably inferior to the last; the last volume was so fresh in its astounding insolence, there was such a *naïveté* in its audacity, that knowing Rome, as we think we do, pretty well, it nevertheless took us by surprise; the present volume lacks that aromatic scent of ancient relics; we have here nothing analogous to the marvellous story told by Cardinal Wiseman, in the last story of *La Chemese de la Vierge*, or the marvellous three portions, in different parts of Europe, of the skull of John the Baptist; compared with those interesting notes and queries, the present volume strikes us as heavy and dull. It is a big book, and in it all the old claims of Rome are reiterated with the wonted boldness, but, so far as we can see, without any striking ability; certainly we do not think this volume very likely to be materially detrimental to the interests of Protestantism; the essays are diffuse, captious; what argument there is in most is wire-drawn, and the effect is lost and dissipated, amidst impalpable crotchets and refinements. The volume, however, may be regarded as the present manifesto of an influential clique of actors in the great Catholic body, and so far the volume is not only interesting, it is important; of course it contains the usual proportion of vaunting, and glorying upon the stupendous modern triumphs of Romanism in England. We learn from Archbishop Manning that "the people of England are now more conscious of the presence of the Catholic Church among them than of the Anglo Establishment." Perhaps this is a little hyperbolical in our modern Archbishop; and again, we are told that every thing now in England is Romanising; Dr. Manning says :

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\* *Essays on Religion and Literature, by various Writers. Edited by Archbishop Manning. Second Series. Longmans and Co.*

Thirty years ago, any one who introduced religion into conversation caused a silence. He was a Methodist, or a madman, or both. Now-a-days there is hardly a private house in which it is not uppermost, or any occasion on which it is not introduced. I will not say that art, literature, and poetry are become religious, but I may say that religious art, religious literature, and religious poetry, still more that all these in their highest Catholic forms are to be found throughout England. In families where a Catholic priest has never entered, Catholic books find their way; in others where Catholic books have never entered, Catholic engravings precede the faith. Even the newspapers have taken the infection. Eldad and Medad prophesy in the camp; Saul also is among the prophets. They describe all our doings; and thousands who would not for the world set foot in a Romish Church read photographic descriptions of high masses and requiems, and consecrations, and openings of churches, processions at Boulogne, pilgrimages in the Pyrenees, canonisations in St. Peter's. The air is full of it. Call it a plague of frogs, of flies, or of boils. It is upon man and beast. Throw ashes into the air, it comes down Popery.

I do not think I am exaggerating.

Well, we don't know; as we said above, Dr. Manning is so modest—this great Archbishop, in whom shine forth all the graces which can be his, who has had falling upon him the shadow of Peter—is in so eminent a degree modest, that possibly, as he hopes he is not exaggerating. We have had occasion to remark before, that in so good and infinitely holy a man, "a little less envy, a little less malice, a few less peppercorns of hatred, and just the faintest shade less of uncharitableness, would be to the advantage of the general character, and perhaps in their absence might give to him a freer and clearer vision and disposition to do more justice to those who are without the pale of his Church. Dr. Ward seems to have furbished up, in this volume, an old paper, published as a lecture, and to which we devoted some attention, some several years since, on intellect, first referring to the religious of it, and next to the dangers of uncontrolled intellect; the subject is interesting and important, the purpose of it is morbid, seductive, and dangerous. The writer starts by telling us that the heresies of Luther and Calvin are comparatively exploded; and then, through a course of thought, in which it is not our intention to follow him, he goes on until he arrives at the conclusion of his teaching, which of course is to surrender your intellect up into the keeping of the Church; Dr. Ward has done this himself, nor do we remember one among those who have passed over to Rome, from the English Church, who grovels more lowly on the all-fours of his being, before the object of his idolatry, than Dr. Ward. There is a danger in uncontrolled intellect, there is a danger in exercising any power to excess; but



the exercise of any power would be distasteful, if it were not held in perfect subserviency to the teaching of the Church; the topic is one which would well bear discussing from a free Protestant point of view. A little further on, we meet with Mr. Lucas again; he continues through eighty pages his essay on "Christianity in its Relation to Evil Society." As in the last volume, so again this is the ablest piece of writing of the series; we were so unhappy in our previous review as to offend Mr. Lucas, by our impeachment of his paper; we are unable to see that we did him any injustice in our mode of quoting or rendering his views; we feel for the present paper what we felt of its first part—and it is yet to be continued—it is subtle, eminently wanting in clearness and transparency. Again Mr. Lucas drops the term Church, and uses the term "the Society," in order that the objectionable claims he sets up for Romanism may if possible be smoothed; but when he tells us that "the Christian Society must be independent of the civil Government, and that the government of civil society, is in a great measure dependent upon that of the Christian society"—of course he knows, and that we know, that there is no Christian Society, outside the great organization of Rome, Rome acts always, and speaks always, upon her own great ideal and belief. The essay is very long, and it seems to us even in consequence, in its course of reasoning, this may arise of course from the obtuseness of our own perceptions; but we do not think, if we were writing on the relation of Christianity to civil society, we should find it necessary to enter elaborately into a discussion of the fall of man, the substance of the human soul, the work of Redemption, and, in fact, all the matters which go to make up a scheme of theology. We can understand that to teach the duties of man to God is to administer the affairs of God, but we do not see that it follows from this, that civil society must be possessed of an intimate knowledge of the Divine nature. Mr. Lucas says, this follows, and this only follows from the fact, that to him "there is no legitimate society, excepting that which is the organization of his Church;" we took utter exception to most of his doctrines in his last paper, but they were still parts of a real essay on principles of civil relationship; the greater part of this paper is no essay on civil Society at all; we notice, however, his own consistency when he tells us that we shall "be forced to recognize as valid the Society's claim to absolute control over the whole domains of thought;" and he continues, "I am not saying, that thought was not free within certain boundaries, but it rested with the Society to define those bounds, which were wider than the human mind can ever hope to fill." Thus Mr. Lucas defines the purpose and entire meaning of Dr. Ward's

paper, to which we referred above, and the reader will have earnestly to remember that by the term "the Society," Mr. Lucas means Rome; thus the end of his paper is to strangle all freedom; he has no faith in Christianity as an influence in society, the human mind has no freedom and no rites, and his paper is an apology for all that we know the Romish Church has ever been in its relation to human individuality, when it has been brought face to face with social operation and law. These illustrations give the character of the whole book, but another long elaborate paper of nearly a hundred pages, on "Church and State," by Mr. Purcell, carries the same question forward, and, removing it from Mr. Lucas' region of more abstract thought to historical grounds and illustrations, it abounds with the most audacious claims, claims which would have satisfied the most atrocious exactions of the Papacy in its strongest hour; if the reader desires succinctly to know what are the conclusions of these men, let it be given in the following passage:

In so far, then, it is true that the Church is in possession of both swords; the one she has in her own hand, the other is wielded in her behalf. Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, recognised this principle when he described the material sword as subsidised by the spiritual. From all that has been said, it follows that the civil power was not merely bound to provide the necessary means of Divine worship, but to look upon the furtherance of the kingdom of God as its higher aim and its greatest privilege. "But this was brought about," says Professor Philipps, in his great work on canon law, "by a well ordered legislation, which excluded from itself everything that might stand even in the slightest opposition to the divine law promulgated by the Church; by a legislation which with the weight of its authority helped out the ecclesiastical prescripts; and this was especially the case by the employment of the secular penal power where that of the Church did not suffice." Hence it was that the Church from the earliest times, especially in the matter of the assembling of Councils to decide doctrinal disputes, claimed the interference and support of the Civil Power; and the emperors themselves appeared in the Councils in order to see to the execution of its decrees.

Then Mr. Purcell goes gaily forward; he turns back rejoicingly to times when the civil sword was employed in the defence of the Church, defending, against the heretics, the unshaken position of the Church; he would have it so again. The Church is to know no toleration. It must seem to us and to our readers, and to the mind of our time, stupendous and amazing, that such doctrines can be avowed and maintained. These thin-lipped schoolmen, from their

dreaming among cloisters, and musty books, and Scotist and Thomist, would have no objection to plunge nations in war, and waste millions of lives, or redden the skies of empires with the flames of stakes, and burning villages or cities, to secure a thoughtless immunity, we will not say of opinion, for that is precluded where the clamping-irons are put upon every exercise of free thought. Mr. Purcell speaks of Pope Pius, who, by his magnificent definition of principles, has electrified the thinking world. We should have rather said, by his stupendous and imbecile foamings. As we presume, Mr. Purcell refers to celebrated encyclicals. Electrified men have been, by rabid moonings exhibiting an utter ignorance of the difficulties of the age, and how they were to be met. But we take one item from the magnificent definitions of Pope Pius. The dogmatic declaration of the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin; a doctrine not even implied in Scripture, not held by the most venerable of the Church's own Fathers, and dividing the sentiments of even the most illustrious of the order of the Church, as the Dominicans and Franciscans; but after the magnificent definition of Pope Pius, whoever doubts this doctrine is a heretic, is to be treated as such as departing from the doctrines of the Church, and, of course, is to be damned everlastingly. Well, in such a matter, the thought of the damnation would lie very lightly upon us; but how many people are there in Europe able to enter upon any consideration of the question at all? yet this would be exactly one of those doctrines which would permit no toleration for any adverse opinion. If our readers think we are straining the matter, and that it is scarcely possible that, in these days, men could be such utter fools to avow such sentiments, we commend to their notice the following choice morsel from the Essay of Mr. Purcell, and it will be seen that we have not gone too far when we have charged these writers as willing to light up any flame, to go to any extent; in fact to decimate any region, and to become the true revolutionaries of society. Here is what we do not hesitate to call an infernal extract:—

Thus the spiritual and the civil powers were so united as to make it impossible that rebels against the one should find refuge with the other. Hence, argues Professor Philipps, this principle follows; that neither the Church nor the State, whensoever they are united on the true basis of Divine right, have any cognisance of tolerance. "Not the Church," he says, "because neither true peace nor true charity recognises tolerance. Not the State, because in accordance with its own principle it must not tolerate anything which does not agree with divine justice. Christ himself condemns tolerance when He says: 'who is not with me is against me.' And the peace of Christ," continues Professor Philipps, "is very easily reconciled with the sword which He has also brought, by which



father is divided from son, brother from brother. The peace of Christ, and therewith that of the Church, goes hand in hand with truth and justice, not with error and immorality; it goes hand in hand with unity but not with division. For the preservation of unity this peace calls for the sword to separate brother from brother, in order that brother might not separate brother from the unity of the Church." Moreover, the Church has the right, in virtue of her divine commission, to require of every one to accept her doctrine; whosoever obstinately refuses, or obstinately insists upon the election out of it of what is pleasing to himself, is against her. "But were the Church," continues Professor Philipps, "to tolerate such an opponent, she must tolerate another; if she tolerate one sect, she must tolerate every sect and thereby give herself up." So far Professor Philipps. In the foregoing passages I have quoted from him verbatim, in order that there might be no mistake as to the meaning of so great an authority on the question as to the tolerance of errors in the matter of religion.

In this brief notice we believe we have exhibited fairly the organic unity of the book; for there is, our readers need not to be informed, organic unity in Rome, and in most of the things Rome does; an organic unity as complete as in a boa-constrictor or an alligator. We have not dealt with the book in the way of argument; to argue with such writers seems to be impossible, it is a waste of the powers of the human mind. To argue with Mr. Oakeley, when he talks of the "Penal prohibitions of unparalleled cruelty," which crushed Catholicism, why, bless the man, who was Torquemada? And was the inquisition a Protestant institution? If Protestants ever were sinful as persecutors, and we believe they have been, who set them the example? Who burnt Huss? The stakes of Protestantism are its shame; but they may be numbered by dozens. The stakes of Romanism are its vaunt and glory, and they must be numbered by millions. The Duke d'Alva, Philip the Second, Catherine d'Medicis, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the flames of Smithfield, it ought to sicken human nature to hear a Romanist whine about "Penal prohibitions of unparalleled cruelty," when those very penal prohibitions, mild as they were in comparison, were mostly resorted to to prevent the recurrence of horrors, which shock and revolt human nature to hear recited; but it is useless to talk with such men. We have only referred to the volume for the purpose of doing what we are pledged to do, the keeping constantly before our readers' eyes the character and the intentions of the men of modern Rome. If amidst such teachings and declarations as this dull book abounds with we are drawn beneath the influence of the great Papal ambition, surely it is our own madness and resolute blindness. We accept gratefully the thought that, in the Church of Rome, there are many holy and devout men and

women. Oh, very many scattered, we hope, through all kingdoms, and all our communities; but when we speak of our hierarchy, and its claims, as represented in such volumes as this before us, we deal with them as an insult to Christ, the religion of Christ, and the mind of Christ, and to all the claims of the human mind; and, while on the other hand, there are writers in Rome who attempt to show to us that intolerant popes never had an existence, and that history is mistaken in the crimes, the records of that Church—it is sufficient to refer, in justification, even to such a volume as this, and say the evidence and illustration of everything which has been charged upon her is here.

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V.

LIDDON'S BAMPTON LECTURE FOR 1866.\*

THIS is a very valuable book; it is very bulky; few beside those close students, to whom it will be material for valuable thought and mental exercise, will have patience to read it. It is amazing to think of this, between seven and eight hundred pages, as comprising a course of eight lectures, patience must have had its perfect work. If there has not been a considerable addition since, Mr. Liddon is too diffuse. His material is very valuable; but he beats it out sometimes very thin. Gold, and fine gold, it is; but sometimes it does strike us as gold wire of a fine, almost imperceptible line. But if there can be an exhaustive book upon this infinite topic, this volume is exhaustive, and the subjects dwelt upon in these lectures comprehend those topics which bring it into the most distinct, and striking, and irresistible prominence; also, as the reader would expect, the references are not less various than interesting; they travel over large fields of knowledge, and lay under contribution immense libraries, patriotic, French, and German. The argument is cumulative and

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\* *The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1866. By H. P. Liddon, M.A. Rivingtons.

accumulative ; irresistible from the succession of points from which the topic is regarded, while sometimes, as we may see, the writer comes to a very close grip of the truth, and presents it sharp and distinct as from the pen of iron, or the point of a diamond. This is not his usual style, and we may be permitted to wish that he had attempted, for the purposes of usefulness, more the art of condensation. Old as the subject is, wrought from week to week, with myriads of sermons, and through all ages forming the staple of myriads of books, Christology has, in our day, become so remarkable as a development in different minds, that there was quite room for a very copious review of the whole subject. A Christology, some view of the nature of the person of Christ, lies embedded in the thoughts and writings of nearly all the great thinkers of our age, especially in Germany, scarcely one name of note can be mentioned but it reminds us of some scheme of thought projected from that mind as to the person of Christ ; it is immensely important, and infinitely interesting. The question comes over and over again, with as much power as when it was first proposed, "What think ye of 'Christ ?'" "Whose son is He ?" A dispassionate survey of His claims, who, to Kant, is the ideal of moral perfection ; to Jacobi the highest religious ideal ; to Schelling an eternal incarnation, revealing to man the infinite ; to Fichte the great historical revelation of the highest knowledge man can possess ; to Hegel the symbol of God's incarnation to humanity at large. How various are all the conceptions ; but it is thus, that non-Christian thought bows in homage before the great object of Christian thought, and these are proofs of the interest Jesus Christ awakens in minds not disposed to acknowledge what we should regard as His true supremacy.

We think this volume was certainly needed ; it is so comprehensive as a review, succinct but effective, of those phases of modern thought which are supposed to be antagonistic to Christ's divinity ; it cannot be regarded as original, but with a sense of genial and exquisite scholarship, Mr. Liddon gathers up, and puts into clear light the numerous various views upon which he touches. We might regret that the book is so elaborated, if we believed that the ordinary mind ever reads such productions as this at all ; but only the closer, more painful, and careful students will be desirous to avail themselves of the contents of such a volume as this. Mr. Liddon puts in a very strong light the impossibility of being, in any true sense of the word, a Christian, or feeling any real respect for the character of Christ, unless His whole claims are admitted and acknowledged, admiration of the character of Christ is a poor and utterly insufficient substitute for adoration. From the early Church downward, through all the great martyr-periods, it is not admiration which has satisfied, or can satisfy the human heart. "It may be



the ladder," says Mr. Liddon, "but which we mount of adoration; but it is useless, or rather it is an impertinence, when adoration has been reached." We give admiration to the sons of genius, to the masters and rulers of mankind, the leaders of armies and of nations; what are the grounds upon which we offer to Christ more than this? The author has put the matter very elaborately, and, although extending over nearly eight hundred pages, there is a sense in which it may be said to be put. We do not contradict ourselves in recollecting what we said above; concisely, any hypothesis, short of the entire acknowledgment of the substantial Divinity of Jesus Christ, is unsatisfactory, to speak it with devout reverence. Any such hypothesis is a blow that shivers the purity of His character; it must recoil upon the heads of those who advance it, and leave them not only without a Saviour, but without an exemplar, since it is impossible to advance such an hypothesis without impeaching the moral purity, or sanity of our Lord. The subterfuges, which are resorted to, by men who, like Renan, seek to save some pieces of the wreck of the character of Christ, which they may fashion into an idol for human admiration, are fatal to all elevation of character over many of the illustrious children of our race. There is no doubt Christ did stake trust in Himself upon faith in His personal assurance, often repeated that He was something other, and infinitely higher than, distinct from, any who had gone before Him, in His pre-existence, His oneness with God, His wholly supernatural origin and claims. We shall be very glad to attempt to present an outline of Mr. Liddon's volume and lectures; but this is impossible. The volume is full of striking views, and is a perfect gathering up of the argumentative forces of many generations. Perhaps the lecture upon our "Lord's Divinity, as witnessed by His consciousness," will strike some of the cords of modern thought as the most considerable, especially when it is weighed with those great—those immense results which have followed from His ministry. It is the "Whom say ye that I am?" analyzed by the what our Lord Himself said that He was, and the study, the analyzes of our Lord's consciousness, of His person, and the completeness and intention of His mission, produces, upon the mind of the student, very amazing results. His consciousness was always affirmative, always complete, and it never corrected itself, never amended or revoked its teaching. The scrutiny of our Lord's personal claims as always been inevitable. Any teacher of moral truth, more than a teacher of any truth, throws down a challenge to human nature, and He does so in the degree in which His claims are high. Jesus Christ claims imperiously to rule the whole soul of man, exacts absolute and perfect allegiance from the souls of men; if He does not set aside the voices of the law and the prophets, He speaks as one having authority to overrule, and

over-ride them, "Verily, verily, *I* say unto you," throughout His teaching there is a persistent self-assertion, such as never meets us in the words of the prophets. He does not speak as one who has a superhuman mission, but as one who is a superhuman person; His mission is involved in His personality. He never confesses moral deficiencies, never like Isaiah or Jeremiah bemoans Himself as sinful; but, on the contrary, claims to be sinless—proclaims Himself as the ultimate universal Judge, while He affirms not merely His pre-existence, but His eternal existence, "Before Abraham was *I* 'am,'" evidently His consciousness sustained Him; and not to believe in the essential Divinity of His character is, as Mr. Liddon closely shows, is to charge Him, not once, but again and again with insincerity; all becomes easy if His divine personality is acknowledged; even Francis William Newman says:—

"If," says Mr. Newman, "I were already convinced that this person (he means our Lord) was a great Unique, separated from all other men by an impassable chasm in regard to his physical origin, I (for one) should be much readier to believe *that He was unique and unapproachable in other respects*; for all God's works have an internal harmony. It could not be for nothing that this exceptional personage was sent into the world. That He was intended for head of the human race in one or more senses, would be a plausible opinion; nor should I feel any incredulous repugnance against believing His morality to be, if not divinely perfect, yet separated from that of common men so far *that He might be a God to us*, just as every parent is to a young child."

Mr. Liddon, of course, believes that Christ was not only unique, as, in the curious language we have quoted above, but that He was more; and, in closing this lecture to which we have referred, he uses the following beautiful and devout apostrophe of praise—

Eternal Jesus! it is Thyself Who hast thus bidden us either despise Thee or worship Thee. Thou wouldest have us despise Thee as our fellow-man, if we will not worship Thee as our God. Gazing on Thy Human Beauty, and listening to Thy Words, we cannot deny that Thou art the Only Son of God Most High; disputing Thy Divinity, we could no longer clearly recognise Thy Human perfections. But if our ears hearken to Thy revelations of Thy greatness, our souls have already been won to Thee by Thy truthfulness, by Thy lowliness, and by Thy love. Convinced by these Thy moral glories, and by Thy majestic exercise of creative and healing power, we believe and are sure that Thou hast the words of eternal life. Although in unveiling Thyself before Thy creatures, Thou dost stand from age to age at the bar of hostile and sceptical opinion, yet assuredly from age to age, by the assaults of Thine enemies no less than in the faith of Thy believing

Church, Thou art justified in Thy sayings and art clear when Thou art judged. Of a truth, Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father.

If the faith-divinity of Christ, however, is sustained by a reference to His own words, and the impressions they convey of what He knew himself to be, the faith is illustrated by the results of His words in His loving work. Christ has ever been the Life of all living Christianity, over the mind, heart, and will of every Christian, He has always maintained an actual empire. That deep invisible life, which He asserted would create a kingdom, and form a visible polity, as actually grown and expanded into an amazing community. Our writer has suggested the consideration of the audacity of our Lord's plan, from its primitive completeness; it is true that unlike all other reformers the world has known, He proclaimed the whole of His truth before He began to realise it, there was no modification of His plan, He spoke as certain of the future, He spoke from a knowledge of the plan and its results, as seen by Him in its substance; and it is not marvellous, therefore, but it simply follows from the admission of what our Lord was in Himself, that there should continue, through all ages, a moral creativeness in the perpetuated works and word of our Lord. We may dispute as we will about the purity of individual Christian professors, and individual Christian churches, but we imagine that it is indisputable, that there has been in all ages a recuperative, we must not say a self-renewing, power in the something we call the Church, and that this power has been most eminently felt by those who have placed themselves most nearly to the invisible, but vital, influences of our Lord's work, and character. Could Christendom have been created, could it be sustained now by such a Christ, such a shadow-painting, as that which emerges out of the nonsensical dreams of Strauss? or the immoral romance of Renan. Has not Christ illustrated Himself to be in the hearts of millions, not a picture or a shadow, but the great power of God, the Son of God with power. How is it that the Church has triumphed by persistent suffering, and that wherever His Divinity has been felt, it has been a moral force in Christendom?—no adequate explanation short of the recognition of His Divinity can be given for this. The success of that kingdom He came to establish is exactly proportioned to this acknowledgment, metaphysical speculations, inapprehensible by the multitudes of mankind, are powerless for moral influence over the hearts of all mankind; but Christ has been, and is, moral power, it is a stupendous fact in human history, because it is a fact of human experience. Christ is not merely admirable as a hero or



a poet, there is that in Him which men have hailed, loved, worshipped, adored; He has been recognised, not merely as the Saviour of the soul, but as the Being who made it; the objects of the Gospel has not been obtained by adding a chapter to human history, or another figure to the gallery of historic portraits. Such pretty theories ignore all the solemn questions at issue, and would be as inefficacious as the lines of Dante, or the marbles of Thorwaldsen, or less so, for the purpose of buoying up the agonized heart in the strife of life. Mr. Liddon, with perhaps more hortative power than we should expect in such a course of lectures, but, as it seems to us, with great practical force, puts this, when he says:—

But there is a solemn question which must be asked, and which, if a man is in earnest he will inevitably ask; and that question will at once carry him beyond the narrow horizon of a literary æstheticism in his treatment of the matter before us. . . . My brethren, where is Jesus Christ now? and what is He? Does He only speak to us from the pages which were traced by His followers eighteen centuries ago? Is He no more than the first of the shadows of the past, the first of memories, the first of biographies, the most perfect of human ideals? Is He only an Ideal, after all? Does He reign, only in virtue of a mighty tradition of human thought and feeling in His favour, which creates and supports His imaginary Throne? Is He at this moment a really living Being? And if living, is He a human ghost, flitting we know not where in the unseen world, and Himself awaiting an award at the hands of the Everlasting? or is He a super-angelic Intelligence, sinless and invested with judicial and creative powers, but still separated from the Inaccessible Life of God by that fathomless interval which parts the first of creatures from the everlasting Creator? Does He reign, in any true sense, either on earth, or in heaven? or is His Regal Government in any degree independent of the submission or the resistance which His subjects may offer to it? Is He present personally as a living Power in this our world? Has He any certain relations to you? does He think of you, care for you, act upon you? can He help you? Can He save you from your sins, can He blot out their stains and crush their power, can He deliver you in your death-agony from the terrors of dissolution, and bid you live with Him in a brighter world for ever? Can you approach Him now, commune with Him now, cling to Him now, become one with Him now, not by an unsubstantial act of your own imaginations, but by an actual objective transaction, making you incorporate with His Life? Or is the Christian answer to these most pressing questions a weakly delusion, or at any rate too definite a statement; and must we content ourselves with the analysis of an historical Character, while we confess that the Living Personality which once created and animated It may or may not be God, may or may not be able to hear us and help us, may or may not be in distinct conscious existence at this moment, may or may not have

been altogether annihilated some eighteen hundred years ago? Do you urge that it is idle to ask these questions, since we have no adequate materials at hand for dealing with them? That is a point which it is hoped may be more or less cleared up during the progress of our present enquiry. But if such questions are to remain unanswered, do not shut your eyes to the certain consequence. A Christ who is conceived of as only pictured in an ancient literature may indeed furnish you with the theme of a magnificent poetry, but He cannot be the present object of your religious life. A religion must have for its object an actually Living Person: and the purpose of the definitions which you deprecate, is to exhibit and assert the exact force of the revealed statements respecting the Eternal Life of Christ, and so to place Him as a Living Person in all His Divine Majesty and all His Human Tenderness before the eye of the soul which seeks Him: When you fairly commit yourself to the assertion that Christ is at this moment living at all, you leave the strictly historical and æsthetical treatment of the Gospel record of His Life and character, and you enter, whether it be in a Catholic or in an heretical spirit, upon the territory of Church definitions. In your little private sphere, you bow to that practical necessity which obliged great Fathers and Councils, often much against their will, to take counsel of the Spirit Who Illuminated the collective Church, and to give point and strength to Christian faith by authoritative elucidations of Christian doctrine. Nor are you therefore rendered insensible to the beauty of the Gospel narrative, because you have discovered that thus to ascertain and bear in mind, so far as Revelation warrants your effort, what is the exact Personal dignity and living Power of Him in Whom you have believed, is in truth a matter of the utmost practical importance to your religious life.

And it is in harmony with the result of such an appeal, that he asserts the moral fruitfulness of a faith in Christ's Divinity. The moral life of man is fertilized by it, the whole question of the importation of Divine grace in the life of grace, grows out of the acknowledgment of it. The seventh lecture is devoted to an elaborate discourse upon the whole vexed topic of the "Homoousion, the consideration of the eternal substance of Christ. We shall not be able to follow him through the interesting history of the stream of doctrine, it is enough that it justifies the practice of Christendom in the adoration and worship offered to Him, that worship began in His life without His reprobation, it entered into the earliest homage offered to Him by the apostles and early martyrs; prayer to Him was recognised and enjoined in the teaching of Paul and of John; He was worshipped with the adoration due to God; and by primitive martyrs, in their agonies, in the glorious hymns, and early doxologies of the first ages of the Church; such worship was paid in language not to be dismissed as hurried ejaculations, or as the radiances of rhetoric. When

the human intellect begins nicely to inquire into the discrimination of the eternal Persons, or into the qualities of the eternal Substance, forms of thought may no doubt arise, and intellectual bearings be indicated, which probably, the early fathers and martyrs had not foreseen; but the history of the worship offered to Jesus, abundantly illustrates the high and awful sense of His person, entertained by those who lived beneath the very nearest influence of that light He brought to irradiate the earth. A thoroughly careful perusal and analysis of this book by Mr. Liddon, could only be useful and helpful to any who should pursue the task in a spirit of pious patience. Among the many works which have recently been given to us upon the person and life of Christ, it stands out with considerable distinctness; Mr. Liddon's view is, that as the Divinity of Christ is the real strength of the Church, so the proclamation and maintenance of that Divinity is the real rallying point for the disunited Church, we have no doubt of this; pitch the claims of Christ low, and low at best will be the regards given to Him. Christ must be all in all, or nothing at all; the subject does not admit either of modified claims or interpretations; as we approach the border-land of a mythical, or humanitarian hypothesis, all will become feeble and baseless; Christ becomes near to heart and to hope as His infinite remoteness is asserted; there is no doubt about His humanity, about His substantial nearness to human experiences and souls. The sun, who by his beams shines in through our window, and lightens and warms us nearly a hundred millions of miles away, his distance from us interferes neither with the light or warmth he gives us. That Christ has given to us light and warmth, myriads of souls hath shown, by hymns and poems, by sacrifices and experiences, by conquests over self and conquests over men; by words, amidst the flames of burning stakes; by heroisms in lonely wildernesses, and ardour in isolated and frigid cells; but the vitality of all this is shown, not by proving that that wondrous beam was evolved out of our stone-cold, and corrupted race, but that it was a beam of the uncreated light sent to our earth to illuminate man, and to guide him; to be a fountain of grace to him, to be a sacrifice for him; distinct and separate from all that genius had done, or all that humanity could do; as this truth is maintained, we believe its effects will be as Mr. Liddon anticipates, to heal the wounds of the Church, to put new heart and hope into it, to turn it away from attention to its poor distracted organizations, to faith in, and rest upon, the infinite Fountain, of its lustre and its power. And we think the volume before us, sets, in a very striking light, the absurdity, and utter impossibility, of any view of Christ and Christianity, which does not date from the Divine life in the Church, originating in the substantial and eternal Divinity of its Founder.



## VI.

## PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON SOUND.\*

IT must have been delightfully exciting to hear and to see, for both senses were in an extraordinary manner gratified, this course of lectures. Professor Tyndall possesses many rare faculties which enables him, not only to be a profound and clear observer, but a very adroit communicator of the results of his own discovery; he has so much enthusiasm, is so thoroughly in earnest, also possesses so much of a kind poetic fervour, that he carries along with him, in the train of his own mind, all who listen to him, or who read his lectures, whether they are, or are not specially interested by their acquaintance with Science. Interesting, as the volume is, now in our hands, we do not think it can command the large and absorbing interest of the previous course of lectures on heat. This does not arise from any inferiority in the breadth of observation, the interest of experiments, or the ready power and eloquence of communication; but the range of the previous subject was so—to speak it with natural reservation—so infinite, its conclusions were so much more than merely interesting, so important and immense, and many of the experiments were so truly astounding and magical. Of course, many of these attributes, or all in degree, are found in the lectures on Sound; but whatever sound may be, however high and transcendental its properties, it can scarcely claim, at any rate as yet, the interest of heat. To say that the analysis of the phenomena of sound winds the spirit up into infinite mystery, is only to express that which is also true of every object or subject of science. We shall, very likely, never know whether sound or light is the elder born of the two sisters. Wordsworth, indeed, says—

A voice to light gave being.

This is interpreting such account, as we have of creation, very literally; yet, if one may dare so transcendental a speculation, perhaps the most literal is the most likely. The ethereal functions of sound we know to be infinite; beneath the spell of sound things

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\* *Sound: a Course of Eight Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. Longmans, Green, and Co.

fall into rhythmic order and place; and, as Professor Tyndall shows, in a most striking experiment; in his first lecture, every experiment on the reflection of light has its analogue in the reflection of sound. Into the metaphysics of the subject, however, and its transcendental relations, Professor Tyndall, of course, does not venture; it would be out of place. His lectures are purely inductive and experimental, while many of his experiments seem to have a most transcendental side and inference; for instance, his rendering of the experiment of Chladni for making sonorous vibrations visible, the experimentors took square plates of glass, tossing sand about over the surface, plates of glass held by a clamp at the centre; plates of metal were also employed, the glasses or metals damped, and drawing a violin bow, apparently over the edge of the square plate, there resulted a series of beautiful patterns, sharply-defined figures suddenly spread over the plate, and here engraven in the volume before us. Amidst all these curves, arrangements, waves, and lines of exquisite beauty, a plain, unscientific mind, may surely be forgiven for fancying it, beholds some little illustration of the fabled power by which Orpheus drew rocks, stones, and trees, into harmony with his lyre. The volume of Professor Tyndall seems to confirm some of those old prejudices which would make sound to be a chief actor in that number, weight, and measure, by which the harmonies of the universe are adjusted, and, perhaps, the principal medium even beyond light and vision, in conveying ideas to the mind. Our object is not to attempt any careful outline or rendering of Professor Tyndall's book, so much as to remark upon the subject itself, and the extraordinary and interesting variety of the facts brought before us—facts which, in one department of science, reflect and throw over their influence to others, just as he speaks of apparently unrelated natural phenomena, being bound together, so that, from the calculated and observed velocities of sound in air, we can reduce to the ratio of specific heat; while, again, we are reminded, and it may well serve to repress such rash, and too speculative conclusions as we might be disposed to indulge in; that in "dealing, the mind must be on the alert to seize "all her conditions, otherwise we soon learn that our thoughts are "not in accordance with facts." The account given to us in this volume of the human ear, would not we suppose be sufficient for an anatomist, or a surgeon, but we shall be surprised if the reader does not regard it as the most interesting and entertaining he has ever met with; it seems to be strictly inductive, and yet it may serve as a link in guiding the mind, to what many regard as so dangerous hypothetical and tentative, namely, transcendental anatomy. That the auditory nerve is, in all probability, set in motion by bodies associated with it, capable of entering into sympathetic vibration with the different waves of sound, most of our readers are, of course,

aware ; and they will not find it difficult to apprehend how, in the organ of hearing, after the external orifice of the ear follows the circular tympanic membrane, and then the cavity called the drum, separated by a space between it and the brain by a bony partition, in which are two orifices, the one round and the other oval, also closed by fine membrane ; while across the cavity are stretched four little bones, one called the hammer, another called the anvil, connected by a joint with the hammer ; another more complicated and curious, called the stirrup-bone, which has its oval base planted against the membrane of the oval orifice ; but behind the bony partition, and between it and the brain, the fourth, and extraordinary organ, the labyrinth, filled with water, and lined with a membrane, apparently a most living and sentient membrane, over which the terminating fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed ; when the tympanic membrane receives a shock, the shock is transmitted through all the series of bones referred to, and concentrated on the membrane against which the base of the stirrup-bone is planted. That membrane transfers the shock to the water of the labyrinth, and this, in its turn, transfers it to the nerves. So much was probably known before, but recent observations popularized by Professor Tyndall, are remarkably interesting and curious, it seems that there is a marvellous medium between the labyrinth and the nerves ; within the labyrinth are exceeding fine elastic bristles, terminating in sharp points, and growing up between the nerve-fibres, the bristles sympathize with the vibrations of the water, they are thrown into vibrations, and so excite the faculty of hearing. These were discovered by Max Schultze. This is not all, in the labyrinth are little crystalline particles called *otolithes*, embedded among the nervous filaments, they subserve quite a different purpose from that fulfilled by the bristles of Schultze ; they accept and prolong the vibrations of evanescent sounds, the vibrations of which the bristles could not otherwise detain ; but finally, the Marchese Corti discovered in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, which Professor Tyndall says, "Is, to all appearance, a musical instrument with its cords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to the nerve-filaments which traverse the organ." If anything could astonish us among the marvellous discoveries of science, or the amazing mysteries of the human frame, then it might well astonish us, to learn that within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of three thousand strings—for this is said to be the number of fibres in Corti's organ—as exhibited for ages, accepting the music of the outer world, and rendering it fit for reception by the brain. These microscopic strings analyze every motion of the external air, and reveal the constituents of which it is composed, each musical tremour which falls upon the organ selects



from the tension-fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unison and vibration. Thus, if the reader has ever attended a concert at Exeter Hall, or at the Crystal Palace, a Handel festival, or a Beethoven celebration, he may think that all the orchestra before him is in his own ear multiplied many times, diminished to microscopic indistinctness in size, but in the little round of the seat of his own auditory sensation, possessing infinitely more than all the distinctness of intention and effect he beholds in that mass of performers. Every fibre in Corti's organ seems represented poorly and feebly by those multitudes of arch *voituriers*. Observations like these lead us indeed, back again to the old reflection how wonderfully, how fearfully we are made! Dr. Tyndall says:—

The limits of hearing are different in different persons. Dr. Wollaston, to whom we owe the first proof of this, while endeavouring to estimate the pitch of certain sharp sounds, remarked in a friend a total insensibility to the sound of a small organ-pipe, which, in respect to acuteness, was far within the ordinary limits of hearing. The sense of hearing of this person terminated at a note four octaves above the middle E of the pianoforte. The squeak of the bat, the sound of a cricket, even the chirrup of the common house-sparrow are unheard by some people who for lower sounds possess a sensitive ear. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence. "The suddenness of the transition," writes Wollaston, "from perfect hearing to total want of perception, occasions a degree of surprise which renders an experiment of this kind with a series of small pipes among several persons rather amusing. It is curious to observe the change of feeling manifested by various individuals of the party, in succession, as the sounds approach and pass the limits of their hearing. Those who enjoy a temporary triumph are often compelled, in their turn, to acknowledge to how short a distance their little superiority extends." "Nothing can be more surprising," writes Sir John Herschel, in reference to this subject, "than to see two persons, neither of them deaf, the one complaining of the penetrating shrillness of a sound, while the other maintains there is no sound at all. Thus, while one person mentioned by Dr. Wollaston could but just hear a note 4 octaves above the middle E of the pianoforte, others have a distinct perception of sounds full 2 octaves higher. The chirrup of the sparrow is about the former limit; the cry of the bat about an octave above it; and that of some insects probably another octave." In "The Glaciers of the Alps" I have referred to a case of short auditory range noticed by myself, in crossing the Wengern Alp in company with a friend. The grass at each side of the path swarmed with insects, which to me rent the air with their shrill chirruping. My friend heard nothing of this, the insect-music lying quite beyond his limit of audition.

But a slight proportion of the volume is taken up with such remarks and speculations as these, interesting as they are, and interesting as it becomes to analyze scientifically those distinctions which discriminate between noise and music. "Music," says the author, "resembles poetry of smooth and perfect rhythm, noise resembles "harsh and rumbling prose," and the reason of this is, that by noise we mean an irregular succession of shocks, a jolting and jarring of the auditory nerve. Musical sound flows smoothly, because the impulses received by the tympanic membrane are perfectly periodic. In fact, apart from the transcendent pleasure conveyed by music to the human mind, it furnishes, perhaps, the most extraordinary illustration of the conquest of mind over the rudest material. The experiments of Professor Tyndall, have themselves over the mind the effect of music, in their extraordinary rhythmic character, he certainly shows us what strange and unlikely media are transformed into vehicles of melody; yet his iron fiddle is only another musical-box, or Jews'-harp; the *Æolian* harp we know to be an exquisitely sweet instrument, but we are told of a gentleman in Basle, who constructed with iron wires a giant harp, or, as he called it, a weather harp, which sounded as the weather changed; he supposed that this resulted from magnetism, but Chladni pointed out the error of these notions, and reduced the action of the instrument to that of the wind upon its iron strings. Indeed, Professor Tyndall illustrates copiously the variety of sounds in their relation to specific density of solids. We often say, that Nature is a mighty organ. God fills it, speaks through it, Nature is the instrument of God, and she seems only to have been created, and exists for the purposes of the soul, thus as Coleridge says:

And what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic harps diversely framed,  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the soul of each, and God of all!

This is, of course, the language of poetry; but how shall we illustrate the extent to which it is also only simply real; perhaps we seem to be leaving the strictly inductive course of Professor Tyndall's observations, when we say that every tree has a separate tone in its heart,—willow, and oak, and elm, and poplar, they have each their own peculiar sound. This is not mere sentiment; perhaps the reader may have heard Gohikow, a Russian peasant, who made a wonderful instrument, which fascinated many of the cities, courts, and nations of Europe, out of the reeds and trees, which grew round his home; it made him very famous, and raised him to a place of considerable eminence in the service of the Emperor of Austria. We almost think, had Professor Tyndall heard of him and of his instrument, he

would have thought it worth while to have referred to him, as illustrating some of the doctrines of his second lecture. Before Gohikow stood a mere wooden table, and upon it his rude wooden instrument, which he touched with ebony sticks. At first the auditor heard only a sound as of wood, till at last the wonderful instrument, beneath the touch of the genius of this peasant, is described as rising above all other sound, clear, warbling like a nightingale, rich, liquid, strong, like a skylark in the heavens, and all who heard it listened with delight and wonder, that thus trees could be made to speak. After such an instance as this, we appreciate more strongly, than when we hear the tones of harp or piano, the words of Professor Tyndall, when he says—referring to an experiment of Professor Wheatstone:—

What a curious transference of action is here presented to the mind ! At the command of the musician's will, his fingers strike the keys ; the hammers strike the strings, by which the rude mechanical shock is shivered into tremors. The vibrations are communicated to the sound-board of the piano. Upon that board rests the end of the deal rod, thinned off to a sharp edge to make it fit more easily between the wires. Through this edge, and afterwards along the rod, are poured with un-failing precision the entangled pulsations produced by the shocks of those ten agile fingers. To the sound-board of the harp before you the rod faithfully delivers up the vibrations of which it is the vehicle. This second sound-board transfers the motion to the air, carving it and chasing it into forms so transcendently complicated, that confusion alone could be anticipated from the shock and jostle of the sonorous waves. But the marvellous human ear accepts every feature of the motion ; and all the strife and struggle and confusion melt finally into music upon the brain.

How, in the course of his lectures, Professor Tyndall illustrating his doctrine, that fiction is always rhythmic, made flames to sing, and drew forth harmonic sounds from them, and made them sensitive, especially in his marvellous illustration of the vowel flame, which he well and truly calls, the most marvellous flame hitherto discovered ; how to this flame he repeated stanzas of Spenser, when the flame pitched out certain sounds from his utterance, noticed some by the slightest nod, bowed to others more distinctly, to some made a very profound obeisance, and to others turned an entirely deaf ear. How all this came about, we must really leave our readers to discover for themselves, by a more close and distinct reading of the lecture than we can devote to it for these few pages. A great many of the experiments in this work, as well as in the yet more remarkable "*Lectures on Heat*," remind us of a remark made by the Duke of Argyle in his *Reign of Law*, when he congratulates Professor Tyndall upon the age in which he is so fortunate as to live, remarking, "that had he at-



"tempted such experiments in some ages, he might have been made more familiar with the nature of heat, than even his practical mind would have desired." These singing flames, however, seem to have something like their anticipation in those experiments on the relations between sound and light, to which we referred, as illustrating the first lecture. The reader who can find time for this delightful volume, will find it rich in those illustrations of the invisible, traced up from the visible in nature; invisible powers giving effect to, what shall we say, giving existence to, visible things, picturing before the eye of the mind, operations which entirely elude the eye of the body; atoms of matter in motion or in rest followed, never lost sight of, until they become a distinct part of natural phenomenon. Thus it is, in fact, that sounds become interpreters, they each become a kind of stethoscope, by which we are able to analyze and understand the relative life of things. Professor Tyndall illustrates this by an extract from the writings of the great Dr. Robert Hooke; the passage is new to us, and will probably be to most of our readers; it is very remarkable, as in fact, anticipating the discovery of the stethoscope, exactly upon the principle to which we have referred, and our admirable writer says, in introducing it, "that he is hardly acquainted with another passage which illustrates so well that action of the scientific imagination which, in all great investigators, is the precursor and associate of experiment." It is Dr. Hooke who says:—

"There may also be a possibility of discovering the internal motions and actions of bodies by the sound they make. Who knows but that, as in a watch, we may hear the beating of the balance, and the running of the wheels, and the striking of the hammers, and the grating of the teeth, and multitudes of other noises; who knows, I say, but that it may be possible to discover the motions of the internal parts of bodies, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, by the sound they make, that one may discover the works performed in the several offices and shops of a man's body, and thereby discover what instrument or engine is out of order, what works are going on at several times, and lie still at others, and the like; that in plants and vegetables one might discover by the noise the pumps for raising the juice, the valves for stopping it, and the rushing of it out of one passage into another, and the like? I could proceed further, but methinks I can hardly forbear to blush, when I consider how the most part of men will look upon this; but, yet again, I have this encouragement, not to think all these things utterly impossible, though never so much derided by the generality of men, and never so seemingly mad, foolish, and phantastic, that, as the thinking them impossible cannot much improve my knowledge, so the believing them possible may perhaps be an occasion of taking notice of such things as another would pass by without regard as useless. And somewhat more of encouragement I have also from experience, that I have been able to hear very plainly the beating of a man's heart, and

'tis common to hear the motion of wind to and fro in the guts, and other small vessels; the stopping of the lungs is easily discovered by the wheezing, the stopping of the head by the humming and whistling noises, the slipping to and fro in the joints, in many cases, by crackling, and the like, as to the working or motion of the parts one amongst another; methinks I could receive encouragement from hearing the hissing noise made by a corrosive menstruum in its operation, the noise of fire in dissolving, of water in boiling, of the parts of a bell after that its motion is grown quite invisible as to the eye, for to me these motions and the other seem only to differ *secundum magis minus*, and so to their becoming sensible they require either that their motions be increased, or that the organ be made more nice and powerful to sensate and distinguish them."

Our object, as we have said, has not been the giving any complete analysis of the book, so much as to call attention to it as a simple, beautiful, even wonderful, popular unveiling of some of the hidden suggestions of Nature. As we lay it down, we cannot but again remark how it assuredly teaches the *instrumentality* of all nature. All nature is an organism, the infinite soul is unseen; more and more we are taught, that every object we behold is an organic tube, through which the Divine Spirit breathes, and man is the key or keys, and God is the finger touching all, and waking all into harmony.

Surely, some such reflection as this will not be far from any reader who as followed out such observations, has those to which we referred above upon the human ear. Nature, dead like an organ till the breath inspires it, till the finger touches it. Nature first a chaos, then a corpse, as in the building of that wonderful instrument, and arrangement of human workmanship; an organ, first a mass of planks, and morpheus lumps of lead, till all the difficulties are overcome, and all the separate interest are united together, until at last all is complete, from the wooden frame, and the leaden tubes, and the ivory keys, and then—and now, music, to speak, to please and to charm. Such thoughts lead up to the question, shall man less fulfil the purpose of his creation? It is true he, like the organ, is an imperfect instrument; our readers, perhaps, remember Mrs. Gattey's admirable little parable, of the organ that was tuned too perfectly, for even in the organ we must not press abstract rules too finely, for every organ is, as we said, an imperfect instrument; all instruments with fixed tones are necessarily imperfect: if a key is tuned more perfectly, it is at the expense of all the rest, the C major is only a natural tone, your C must be slightly flat, your D flat also, and so on, and man is just such an imperfect instrument; surely there is more in a soul than in any tree or leaden pipe, or ivory key?

its thoughts, feelings, griefs, what knowledge and design within so little compass; no star so remote but man fetches it from its dark chamber, and finds a line to sound its depths, and as the master musician is glorified on his organ, so God is to be glorified in his work and success, chiefly in his great organ, man. We have likened man without the knowledge of God, to the organ without the player, it is a thing, but when the musician touches it, it becomes a power, it sits alone in the great church; weired, like a huge looming spector, through the long silent night, through the long days, while the storm sounds over the roof, or the long sunbeams or moonbeams streams through the windows, the old organ dwells alone; even as all those phenomena of sound were, but were unknown until some Handel discovered them, and gave them their meaning; but when the man comes who can touch the keys and wake all into harmony, like, for instance, the sublime deaf Beethoven, rearing his perfect architecture invisible to light; himself all isolated and lone, the music all within himself and things themselves dead, responding into beauty at his touch. Surely some such reflections as these are not out of place, as all the wonderful panorama of shadow sounds evoked by Professor Tyndall, go floating by. Thus, hard material inductions lead to perception of their significance in invisible things. As we have already quoted our author when he tells us that scientific education ought to teach us to see the invisible as well as the visible in nature, and pain is one of the Divine ways of tuning the great instrument—Man, as Wordsworth finely says—

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,  
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—  
'Tis done, and in the after vacancy  
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:  
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
And shares the nature of infinity.

So from unshapely iron violins, and giant harps made of iron, or of huge unfeeling trees, and surging flames, we seem to reach out to the thought that like the musician, we are surrounded by a universe which will break out into melody, and only waits the Master-finger, or the Master-voice to do so. And as a voice to light gave being, by-and-by, inspiration will mount again, and all the wondering utterances find their scale of moral music; and, as we lay down Professor Tyndall's book, we do so with the thought of the chief poet of our country and age, upon us when he exclaims,

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,  
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo, they are !



And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star,  
All we have willed and hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist ;  
Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

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